

S I L V I A;
OR, THE
COUNTRY BURIAL.
AN
O P E R A.

As it is Performed at the
THEATRE-ROYAL
IN
LINCOLN'S-INN FIELDS.

With the MUSICK prefix'd to each SONG.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. WATTS, at the Printing-Office in
Wild-Court near Lincolns-Inn Fields.

MDCCXXXI.

[Price One Shilling and Six Pence.]

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T O

Mrs. *Harriott Fanssen.*

M A D A M,



O be well Descended,
happy in Your For-
tune, nobly Ally'd,
to be agreeable in Your
Person, to have an
Understanding solid and exten-
sive, and a Wit at once the most
poignant, and yet the most in-

A 2

offensive

DEDICATION.

offensive and agreeable, may justly raise Admiration and Esteem in others, as they distinguish You in so eminent a manner, and constitute your personal Happiness.

But as it is that easy, graceful manner in which You enjoy them, that Freedom from Vanity, Affectation or Pride, which form your real Character; so the Use You make of Your Fortune, Interest, and good Sense, renders them a general Blessing to all who have the Happiness of being within the Reach of their Influence.

M A D A M,

Your Generosity and Condescension in permitting this Address,
is

DEDICATION.

is an Instance of Both, so much to my Advantage, that I find it impossible, to suppress either my Pride, or Gratitude, on this Occasion; especially when I consider that it is an Honour, that many before have Solicited in vain.

That the Conversation and Friendship of a Lady of your Accomplishments, should be highly Esteemed by Persons of the first Rank both for Dignity and Virtue (not to mention the Noble Lord to whom you are so happily Ally'd) is no more a Wonder, than that there should be among the Nobility, those who are as eminent for their good Sense and fine Taste, as their high Stations.

That

DEDICATION.

That You may still continue the Ornament of your own Sex, and the Admiration of ours, must be the sincere Wish of all who are any ways acquainted with your Merit, but of none more than of,

M A D A M,

Your Grateful and Obliged

Humble Servant.

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ny
it,

November 10, 1730. On Thursday next will be Publish'd, where-
in are a great Variety of New Tunes by the most Eminent Masters,
(and compleats this Collection)

The FIFTH and SIXTH VOLUMES of
* * The MUSICAL MISCELLANY; Being a Collection
of CHOICE SONGS and LYRICK POEMS: With the BASSES
to each TUNE, and Transpos'd for the FLUTE.

Behold and listen, while the Fair
Breaks in sweet Sounds the yielding Air;
And with her own Breath fans the Fire,
Which her bright Eyes did first inspire.

WALLER.

Printed by and for J. Watts, at the Printing-Office in Wild-Court near Lincoln's-
Inn Fields, and Sold by the Booksellers both of Town and Country. Of whom
may be had the FIRST FOUR VOLUMES.

And on the same Day will be Publish'd, with a Curious Frontispiece
Design'd by Mr. John Vanderbank, The FIFTH EDITION of

* * LETTERS of ABELARD and HELOISE. To which is prefix'd a
particular Account of their Lives, Amours, and Misfortunes; extracted chiefly
from Monsieur BAYLE. Translated from the French, by the late JOHN
HUGHES, Esq;

N. B. Act. III, Page 61, for Scene IX, X, XI, XII,
XIII, read as follows:

*A Room in Sir John's House. Sir John discover'd
at a Table, reading.*

'Tis hard a rooted Love to dispossess;

'Tis hard, but you may do it ne'ertheless.

In this your Safety does consist alone:

If possible, or not, it must be done.

A Poem on a Dwarf! what strange stuff is here! Hey ho! ---
'This *Welford's* Daughter has taken so strong hold of my Mind,
that Books are useless to me. [*Lays aside the Book.*] O *Silvia*,
Silvia! thou hast too strongly possess'd my Heart, ever to be
dislodg'd. — The Possession of other Beauties only fires my I-
magination with those Joys thou alone art capable to impart. ---
I have made thee an ungrateful Return to a disinterested Passion,
and made thee suffer for what I ought to adore thee. — That
Virtue which I endeavour'd to subdue, has made me Captive;
and I know not if the Grace of Beauty, or the most shining Or-
nament of thy Sex, influences most. --- I have wrong'd thee,
and am ---- unjust. But I'll acknowledge and repair my Fault.

Enter Jonathan.

Jon. Sir, I have deliver'd your Letter.

Sir John. And what Answer?

Jon. Her Eyes deliver'd the Greater Part; but her Tongue
said it requir'd none.

Sir John. Ha! — Whither am I going? — whither, but to
Silvia; the lovely, mournful *Silvia*; to implore her Pardon,
to expel her Griets, to vow eternal Love, eternal Truth.

A I R XL. *Draw, Cupid, draw, &c.*

Reign, Silvia, reign, &c. as in Page 46. [*Exit.*

✂ This Opera appearing in Rehearsal too long for one
Night's Entertainment, some Scenes have been shorten'd,
and Airs omitted.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Sir John Freeman,
Welford,
Timothy Stitch,
Gaffer Gabble,
Ploughshare,
Jonathan,
Sexton,

Mr. *Walker*.
Mr. *Fulett*.
Mr. *Laguerre*.
Mr. *Hall*.
Mr. *Salway*.
Mr. *Hippesley*.
Mr. *Ray*.

W O M E N.

Silvia,
Dorothy Stitch,
Lettice Stitch,
Goody Busy,
Goody Gabble,
Goody Costive,
Betty,

Mrs. *Cantrel*.
Mrs. *Kilby*.
Mrs. *Vincent*.
Mrs. *Martin*.
Mrs. *Rice*.
Mrs. *Forrester*.
Mrs. *Egleton*.

Diaries of Persons

1851

John Freeman

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S I L V I A;

OR, THE
COUNTRY BURIAL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in Welford's House.

WELFORD.



OW, now's the very Crisis of our Fate. —
On this important Hour depends the Happi-
ness, or Ruin, of my dear and only Child,
and all my future Peace. — Why am I thus
alarm'd! The Event must sure be happy! I have
long, with Pleasure, beheld their mutual Love.
— The end of all my Hopes and Fears is near — This happy
Marriage will restore my long-lost Peace of Mind. — After
Marriage, thou'd he prove false, or unkind — what Means
are left — what Power on Earth can do her Justice then! —
Now my Pains return! thus Joy and Anguish alternately possess
my Breast, as Hope or Fear prevails.

B

A I R

S I L V I A; Or,

A I R I. Since all the World's in Strife.



*The Man, by Foes surrounded,
 Whilst with himself at Peace,
 Dauntless, and unconfounded,
 Beholds their Rage increase.
 But oh! the torturing Pain,
 That racks his Heart and Brain,
 Who, hourly with himself at War,
 The Foe does in his Bosom bear! —
 Shall this Tempest in my Breast
 E'er cease, and I have Rest?
 E'er cease, and I have Rest?*

SCENE II. Welford, and Jonathan.

Jonathan, Sir *John* tarries long.

Jon. That is not to be wonder'd at, when he is in such good Company. I know my Master never thinks himself so happy, as when he is with your fair Daughter.

Welf. *Jonathan*, I have observ'd, of all Sir *John*'s Servants, that you, who, indeed, seem best to deserve it, have the greatest share in his Confidence and Favour: Now you are not ignorant of my Friendship for your Master, nor of his Pretensions of Love to my *Silvia*; both which must interest me nearly in every thing that relates to him. I have lately heard some Reflections on his Conduct, that much alarm me. You, if you will, can satisfy my Doubts, without Prejudice to your own Fidelity, or your Master's Honour.

Jon. Ay, dear Sir, I know that any Discoveries, which I might make to you, wou'd be as safe as in my own Bosom, and all the Use you wou'd make of 'em, wou'd be to improve 'em, if possible, to my Master's Advantage, and not at all to my Prejudice.

The COUNTRY BURIAL.

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Prejudice. What a wicked, censorious World do we live in! My Master is certainly the most virtuous, sober, modest Gentleman in the Country; and, to say Truth, we are a mighty regular Family. For my part, I am daily edify'd by his good Example.

Welf. This Fellow mocks me. [*Aside.*] The Business of my Farm, and the Care of my Flocks call me hence. Farewel. My best Respects and Service to Sir *John*.

S C E N E III. Jonathan.

Ha, ha, ha! a pretty Jest truly! discover my Master's Secrets for nothing!—when I'm so well paid for keeping 'em.

A I R II. Gami'orum.



*The Servant that betrays his Trust,
Who's imploy'd in search of Beauty,
To his Master and himself unjust,
Has neither Sense nor Duty.
Priests and Lawyers, by the Throng,
Are well paid for their Pratling;
What Fool then won'd use his Tongue,
Who loses by his Tatling.—*

Gami—'orum, &c.

[Exit Singing.]

SCENE IV. Another Room in Welford's House.

Sir John Freeman, and Silvia.

Sil. Urge me no farther—I have said too much. How have you drawn from me the fond Confession?

Sir John. Meerly to say you wou'd obey your Father! is that too much to pay whole Years spent in Adoration of your Charms!

Sil. What can you ask, or what can I say more?

Sir John. Can ardent Love be satisfy'd with Duty? You might have said as much to any other Man, who shou'd have gain'd
your

your Father's Approbation. You have not yet, my charming Fair, confess'd you love.

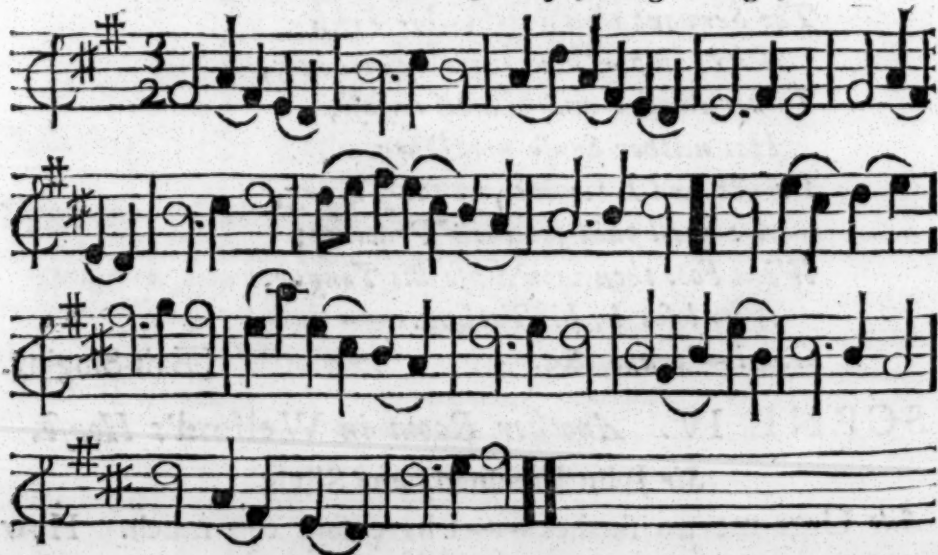
Sil. Why will you press me to pass the Bounds of Modesty and Prudence? you know my Father does not force my Will.

Sir John. Why then this needless Caution and Reserve? your cruel Coldness chills me to the Heart. You never felt Love's animating Fire; some other Motive, in which Love has no part, must influence you to admit of my Addresses.

Sil. Your Suspicions are as groundless as unkind. There may be Men false, designing, cruel and unjust, who court and flatter only to deceive: wou'd it be therefore just to charge the Crimes of some on all? and, for your constant Love, Truth and Sincerity, return you Doubts, Suspicions and unjust Reproaches? There may be Women too, who, for Wealth or Power, wou'd give their Hands where they refuse their Hearts. If you think me such a one, for my sake, and your own, desist at once: for Love, that is not founded on Esteem, can never yield true Satisfaction, or continue long.

Sir John. Pardon, my dearest *Silvia*, a Fault, caus'd only by Excess of Love--- Thou art so great a Blessing, 'twere Presumption to be too secure. Long we suspect, and hardly are convinc'd that the Treasure, on which our Happiness depends, shall ever be attain'd. But now my Fears are hush'd, and all my Doubts are fled.

A I R III. Bliſſe *Jockey* young and gay.



*Sweet are the Joys of Love,
When Doubts and Fears are past:*

Sil. *Virtue does Love improve;
Truth makes it ever last.*

Sir John. *All Virtues in thee shine,
Whate'er I am is thine.*

Both. *Hearts, thus united, prove
Earth has no Joy like Love.*

The COUNTRY BURIAL.

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Sir John. When Love's sincere and constant, how does it bless and how improve Mankind? yet, ambitious Statesmen, and foolish meddling Priests, wou'd bind in Fetters the noble free-born Passion. Vain Attempt! — Marriage ne'er yet kindled a mutual Flame, where it was not, but often has extinguish'd it where it was; Love is its self its own Security, and needs no other Bonds.

Sil. This idle Talk, this common-place Raillery on Marriage, I think, at any Time is best omitted; but sure, *Sir John*, 'tis most improper now. You can't expect that a Maid, who is not weary of her Condition, will take upon her the Defence of a Cause in which she is not concern'd: yet, to pleasure you, who, I presume, delight to hear me talk, tho' I thereby discover my own Simplicity, this I will say, the World owes its Order, Kingdoms their peaceful regular Succession, and private Families their Domestick Happiness to Marriage.

Sir John. The Prejudice of Education only makes you reason thus. I must instruct you better.

Sil. *Sir John*, I understand you not —

Sir John. You shall joyn with me, by our Example to convince the World, that Love can subsist without the Marriage Tye.

Sil. *Sir John Freeman*, I have known you long, bred up under one Roof from Infancy together. I don't remember when I knew you not. The innocent Friendship, contracted in our Childhood, in you improv'd to Love, or you have been a thousand Times forsworn. If I have been deceiv'd, when may a Virgin safely believe a Man? I wou'd not wrong your Honour by unjust Suspensions, — but if you have abus'd me —

Sir John. If I love thee not, or if I ever cease to love thee, may I become the most wretched and most accurst of Men. — May I —

Sil. Imprecate no more. Wave this Discourse, and I am satisfied.

Sir John. 'Tis time, my *Silvia*, to compleat our Joys. [*Takes her by the Hand.*] You must now quit your Father's humble Roof, and shine with me. My Wealth, great as it is, shall be exhausted to support thy Pleasures. Love, only Love, shall be the Priest to joyn us. Enjoyment shall be our Marriage: [*She struggles.*] Each Day I shall a happy Bridegroom be, and you a Bride. *Mahomet's* Paradise shall be verify'd in us; and all our long Lives shall be but one continu'd Transport.

Sil. Let go my Hand.

Sir John. And lest you shou'd think I mean to deceive and to forsake you, no proud Heirefs, that brings a Province for her Portion, shall be joyntur'd as you shall be. Half my Estate shall be settled on thee.

Sil. With brutal Force to compel me to hear thy hated Proposals, is such Insolence. — Thy Breath is blasting, and thy Touch infectious. Oh that my Strength was equal to my Indignation! I'd give my Hand a Ransom for my Body.

[Breaks from him.]

Sir John. Stay, my charming angry Fair, and hear me speak.

Sil. Wou'd I had never heard you. Oh that 'twere possible to fly where I might never hear the Voice of Mankind more! — What, set a Price on my Immortal Soul and spotless Fame? Know, thou ungenerous Man, I ne'er was influenced by thy Wealth to hearken to thy Vows; for notwithstanding my humble Birth, and Fortune, I ever scorn'd Riches, when compar'd to Love, as now I do Love and Thee, compar'd to Virtue. She, who capitulates on Terms like these, confesses an Equivalent may be had for Innocence and Fame, and there by forfeits both.

A I R IV. Tweed Side.



*By our Weakness we help the Deceit,
If our Virtue we ballance with Gold.*

When

*When Dishonour's propos'd, if we treat,
We're to Ruin and Infamy sold.
The Bird, that beholds the Snares laid,
Yet presumptuously plays with the Bait,
By its Rashness and Folly betray'd,
Repents, and grows wiser too late.*

SCENE V. *Sir John Freeman.*

Sir John. Jonathan.

SCENE VI. *Sir John Freeman, and Jonathan.*

Jon. Sir.

Sir John. Order the Groom to bring the Horses to the Gate.

SCENE VII. *Sir John Freeman.*

I have made a bold, but unsuccessful Attempt, and by it, perhaps, have lost her for ever — perhaps not. — I wou'd fain see her once more, methinks. — And yet there is but little likelihood of our coming to an Agreement. I am resolv'd never to marry; and she seems as much resolv'd never to comply without it. Whatever is the Meaning of it, I find my self more asham'd than angry at the Disappointment. Tho' 'tis certain that I never did, nor ever can, love any other Woman half so well. I feel a strange Palpitation here! [*Sighing.*] I am not sure that I don't like her the better for refusing me. — I am sure of nothing — but that I won't marry — I must e'en have recourse to the general Remedy in these Cases, a less scrupulous Female. For tho' that won't remove the Cause, yet it is an admirable Opiate, and relieves the Symptoms to a Miracle.

A I R V. Charming is your Face.



*Wounded by the scornful Fair,
 Since she dooms me to Despair,
 Let me fly to seek for Rest
 On some softer gentler Breast,
 Whose free Soul no Forms enslave,
 But kindly heals the Wounds she gave.*

SCENE VIII. *A Country Village.*

The Funeral, attended by Timothy Stitch as chief Mourner, Lettice, Ploughshare, Gaffer Gabble, Goody Busy, Goody Gabble, Goody Costive, &c. crosses the Stage. The Sexton remains.

Sex. A very pretty Fancy this of being buried in her Cloaths. If it were once a Fashion, a *Sexton* might get as much as an Overseer of the Poor. Every Man is for making the most of his Place. But then there is no Comparison between starving the Living and robbing the Dead, for what shou'd dead Folks do with Cloaths? — But the Truth of it is, in these healthy Countries the Poor live so shamefully long, that Parish-Officers get little now, beside good Eating and Drinking. — But I have heard that formerly such as were past their Labour, used to be provided for at the Expence of the Sheriff, — for then, if Persons were likely to become chargeable to the Parish, the whole

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whole Neighbourhood wou'd swear that they were Witches or Wizards; and so they were decently hang'd up, to save Charges. — But in *London*, and other your great Towns, an industrious Man of my Business may make a good Penny of it still, — for there they steal Bodies and all, but here we're forc'd to let them rot in their Graves, because we can't tell what else to do with them.

A I R VI. There was a Jovial Beggar-Man.



*Strange Tales some lying Travellers tell,
How Men on Men have fed;
Of publick Shambles, where they sell
For Food their Friends when dead.
The Moral of the Fable thus
Men, that are wise, unfold;
No matter so you fill your Purse,
Tho' Living and Dead be sold.*

S C E N E IX: *A Church-Yard.*

Dorothy Stitch in the Grave; Timothy Stitch, Ploughshare, Gaffer Gabble, Lettice, Goody Busy, Goody Gabble, Goody Costive, Sexton, &c.

A I R VII. Bell Chimes.



Tim. *Neighbours all, behold with Sorrow,
Whereunto we all must come;
As she to-day, so we to-morrow
May arrive at our long Home.*

G. Busy.

G. Busy. Ah, poor *Dorothy Stitch*! Rest her Soul! She was the handsomest Woman in all our Parish. But Beauty is but Skin deep, as the Saying is; and you see, Neighbours, what we must all come to.

Tim. Oh, my dear Wife! my dear Wife!

Let. Oh, my dear Mother! my dear Mother!

Plou. Don't cry so, *Lettice*; you'll spoil your pretty Face.

Let. What's that to you?

Plou. 'Tis very well, *Mrs. Lettice Stitch*!

Let. So it is, *Mr. Ned Ploughshare*. I ben't afraid of your telling my Mother now. [Goes from him.]

G. Busy. Good *Timothy Stitch*, don't take on so. We did not all come together, nor must we all go together; and our Loss is her Gain, as we all know, Neighbours.

Omn. Ay, ay, to be sure.

G. Busy. Since we must live by the Living, and not by the Dead, you ought to thank Heaven, and be contented.

AIR VIII. Oh, oh, I've lost my Love.



Tim. Whom cruel Death does sever; Hum, hum.

Dreadful Thought! they part for ever. Hum, hum.

G. Busy. Yet herein still Fortune kind is, Fara-lall.

When one's gone, more left behind is, Tara-lall.

A poor Woman, who has lost one Husband, and is unprovided of another, has, indeed, Cause enough of Grief. For tho' she be ever so much afraid to lye alone, she can't, for very Shame, ask a Man to be her Bed-fellow.

G. Gab. Ay, ay, 'tis very true, *Goody Busy*; tho' 'tis, indeed, a very hard Case. But Neighbour *Stitch*, here, need but ask and have.

G. Busy. She is in the Right of it. *Timothy Stitch*, we all know what a good Husband you was to your last Wife. Here's *Goody Costive* herself is a Widow. But I say no more; spare to speak, and spare to speed, all the World over.

AIR

The COUNTRY BURIAL. 11

AIR IX. *John of Bow.*



Plou. *While you neglect the Living,
For the Dead thus grieving,
Your Sorrows are increas'd.
Joy to slight for Anguish,
Fondly thus to languish,
Is fasting at a Feast.
You well deserve
To pine and starve,
Who eat not when you may;
Each Woman right,
Or dull, or bright,
Can give Delight;
For, in the Night,
Sure ev'ry Cat is Grey.*

Tim. How cou'd you name another Wife to me? Where shall I find another like my First? Twenty Winters did we live in Love together, and never quarrell'd once in all our Lives.

G. Busy. What he says is very true, Neighbours; but he may thank himself for that. For let her say or do whatever she wou'd, he wou'd never quarrel with her. Not but that the Woman was a very good Woman in the main.

Omn. Yes, yes; a very good Woman in the main.

G. Gab. Tho' I can't but say she had an ugly way with her, of abusing every Body.

G. Cost. Ay, ay; we all know that she was the greatest Scold in the Parish.

G. Gab. And that she swore like a Trooper.

G. Cost. And then she wou'd run in every Body's Debt, and pay no Body, by her Good-will; — as if she had been a Gentlewoman.

G. Busy.

G. Busy. Yet, for all that, the Woman was a good Woman in the main.

Omn. O yes! a very good Woman in the main.

G. Busy. Tho' she was Proud.

G. Gab. And Lazy.

G. Cost. And Thievish.

1 Wom. And Impudent.

2 Wom. And Whorish.

3 Wom. But, above all, a sad Drunkard.

G. Gab. Ah, poor Creature! that was her Death; for we all know she died in her Drink.

G. Cost. Ah, poor Soul! we all lov'd her, to be sure; and wou'd not speak any Harm of her for the World.

G. Busy. Oh, no! to be sure; for it wou'd be a wicked thing of us to speak Ill of the Dead, that cannot answer for themselves.

Gaff. Gab. O yes; a very wicked thing, to be sure. Tho' they do say it is all the Fashion in *London*; the more Shame for 'em, I think.

AIR X. Hunt the Squirrel.



G. Busy. *The Gentlefolks of London,*
 Infamy scattering,
 Neighbours bespattering,
 Care not who are undone,
 But blest both Living and Dead.

Gaff. Gab. *On high and low*
 They Scandal throw:
 Won'd you the Reason find?
 'Tis, 'cause they fear
 Themselves t'appear
 The worst of Humankind.

The COUNTRY BURIAL.

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The Moon is rising, 'tis time to be going home. Let the Sexton fill up the Grave.

Tim. Let the Grave remain uncover'd ; I'll take care of that ; for here I mean to rarry 'till the Morning. Neighbours, I thank you all : Adieu. — I wish you well to your several Homes. — Good Night.

Gaff. Gab. Stay here in the cold Church-yard all Night, with thy dead Wife! — Why, you are distracted, surely.

G. Gab. If he been'r, that were enough to make him so.

Tim. Nay, never go about to persuade me, for here I will stay, come Life, come Death. Therefore, Neighbours, all go home, and leave me to my self.

AIR XI. Hey ho! who's above?



Gaff. Gab. Hey ho! the Man is mad!

G. Busy. Troth, if he is not, he's as bad.

Gaff. Gab. Thou'lt dye, e're Morning, too I fear.

G. Busy. Leave off thy Fooling, and don't stay here.

Tim. No, no.

Gaff. Gab. } Why, why?

G. Busy. }

Tim. I'd rather stay here with my Dolly, and dye.

G. Busy. This is the strangest Vagary, to pretend to stay here with his Wife, when she's dead; when there are so few Men who care for their Wives Company, while they are alive!

Tim. My Resolution may seem stranger than it is; I will therefore tell you the Reason of it. Some time ago, my Wife was very sick (that cursed *Geneva* often made her so) then I fell sick with Grief; but she soon recovering, I recover'd too. On this Occasion, she told me, if I dy'd first, that she shou'd break her Heart. Yet, she is dead, and I, hard-hearted and ungrateful Wretch, am here alive to speak it.

G. Busy.

G. Busy. Poor Heart! he weeps like any rainy Day. But, good *Timothy*, go on with your Tale.

Tim. Let me but dry my Eyes, and then I will. She said that she had heard of People that had been buried alive, and being troubled with Fits, thought, perhaps, that might be her Case.

G. Cost. Ay, ay; we all know what sort of Fits she was troubled withal — But, Mum for that. [*Afide.*]

Tim. And desir'd me, if I out-liv'd her, to let her be buried in her best Cloaths, and to watch the Grave the first Night all alone, nor to let the Body be cover'd 'till the Morning. I promis'd to grant her Request, and now will keep my Word. Nay, tho' the Ghosts of all those whose Bodies have been buried here, should rise to drive me hence, I wou'd not leave the Place 'till Morning.

G. Busy. O terrible! I shake like an old Barn in a windy Day, to hear him talk of it.

AIR XII. Oh that I was, and I wish that I were.



Tim. *Darkness and Death no Fear alarms,
In them who Light and Life despise.
Will Life restore her to my Arms,
Or Light reveal her to my Eyes?
Then Oh, that I were, and I wish that I were,
In the cold Grave where my true Love lies.*

G. Gab. This is downright Madness.

Gaff. Gab. And we shall be as mad as he, to let him have his Will. Therefore, since Persuasion won't do, Force must.

Omn. Ay, ay; let us carry him home by Force.

Gaff. Gab. Here, some of you help to hold him, while others fill up the Grave.

Tim. Hold, hold, Neighbours, and hear me speak: If you fill up the Grave, and force me hence before I have perform'd my Promise, I will never eat, drink, or sleep more.

Let. Oh dear! why that will be the Death of him.

G. Cost. To be sure.

Gaff. Gab.

The COUNTRY BURIAL.

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Gaff. Gab. Nay, then I'll have no Hand in it.

G. Gab. Nor I.

G. Cost. Nor I.

G. Busy. Perhaps we may bring our selves into Trouble about it.

G. Gab. I think we are in a worse Quandary now than we were before.

G. Cost. What must we do in this Case?

G. Busy. Pray you now hear me speak.

Omn. Ay, ay, let us hear *Goody Busy* speak.

G. Cost. Ay, ay, she's a notable Woman, and a Midwife, and knows what's fit, as well as any Woman in the Parish.

G. Busy. I say it is dangerous playing with edg'd Tools — and we ought to do as we would be done by — and it is ill meddling between a Man and his Wife. — And every honest Man is as good as his Word. — And the Will of the Dead ought to be perform'd. — Therefore, let us leave him to keep his Promise to his Wife.

G. Cost. Ah, dear Heart! there are not many like him. More is the Pity.

Omn. Good Night, *Timothy*. Heaven preserve you! Good Night.

Let. O my dear Father! my dear Father! let me stay with you.

Tim. No body shall stay with me. *Lettice*, be a good Girl, and go home. [Kisses her.]

Plough. Come, you will let me lead you home, sure.

Let. No sure, but I won't. I'll have nothing to say to you, nor shall you have any thing to do with me. My Father won't make me marry you, for he always us'd to say that it was pity a good-natur'd Girl should be forc'd.

AIR

AIR XIII. The Bells shall ring.



Gaff. Gab. *The Fair and Young, who sigh alone,
Yet are still denying,
Were Husbands all so constant grown,
Won'd be more complying.*

G. Busy. *Priss, Cis, Sue, Marg'ry and Nan,
In the Morning early,
With us shall come, to cheer the Man,
Who lov'd his Wife sincerely.*

Cho. *The Bells must ring,
And the Clerk must sing,
And the good old Wives must wind us.
You and I,
And all must dye,
And leave this World behind us.*

SCENE X. Timothy.

Now from the Fields the Labourers homeward go; each one to kiss his Wife, with sweet Content. A good warm Supper, and a loving Spouse, make his House blest as mine, while *Dolly* liv'd. My House is now like the forsaken Barn, where the blind Howlet perches all the Day. ——— The open Air, cold Ground, on which I sit, with none to talk to but the speechless Dead, is all my Comfort now. I hate my own warm Thatch, Flock-bed and Neighbour's Chat, since *Dolly*, the Flower of all my Joys, is gone. — Oh, how wretched is the State of Man!

AIR

The COUNTRY BURIAL.

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AIR XIV. The State of Man.



*A feeble Life, with Pain began,
Expos'd to great and numerous Woes:
Such is the Infant State of Man,
And with his Strength his Sorrow grows.
'Till his short yet tedious Glass be run;
Then he ends with Grief, who with Pain begun.*

Dol. Oh!

[Groans in the Grave.]

Tim. Mercy on me! — what Noise was that! — Sure I heard something. — I think I did — perhaps I may hear it again — No no — nothing at all. — All is still — It was only my Fancy. — I'll return to my Post. — *[Dolly upright in the Grave.]* O dear, O dear! what can be the meaning of this! why do you frighten a Body so? — Was I not a good Husband to you while living, and am I not performing my Promise to you now you are Dead? — Why don't you lye still in your Grave? — What is't you'd have?

Dol. Hickup — Not a Drop more, — if you love me.

Tim. It Moves — and Talks! — What will become of me?

Dol. I'm very cold. — Where am I? — Sure this is a Church-yard. — This is a Grave too. — How came I here?

Tim. O dear, O dear!

Dol. Who's that! — *Timothy!* — Come, help me out.

Tim. No, I thank you, you are Dead, and a Grave is the fittest Place for you.

Dol. I don't believe that. — How came I dead!

Tim. Why you dy'd with Drinking, and was buried to-night.

Dol. I don't know any thing of the Matter; but, if I was dead, I am alive again.

Tim. I wish you were.

Dol. I tell you I am. Come hither and feel me. If you wou'd but feel me once, you wou'd be satisfy'd.

Tim. She was always given to lying — I dare not trust her. — Yet if she shou'd be alive again — I have a good Mind to venture. *[Aside, going towards the Grave.]* — Oh, she has me, she has me!

C

Dol.

Dol. The Devil have you for a Cowardly, Cabbaging Rogue as you are. — What, are you afraid of your own Wife, Sirrah?

Tim. Nay, now I am sure 'tis my *Dolly* herself, and alive My dear, dear Jewel, don't be angry. 'Twas only my Fear

Dol. Yes, yes, you would have had me Dead. You were only afraid I shou'd be alive again.

A I R XV. The 23d of April.



So unkind, and so unwilling to receive me again!

Tim. To my Heart the Blood's thrilling, to hear thee complain

Dol. Will you love me!

Tim. For ever.

Can you doubt me?

Dol. No never.

Amb. Oh the Pleasure and Pain!

Dol. I've had a strange Escape! If you hadn't stay'd here, where shou'd I have been by this Time! I can't tell indeed, but I believe 'tis better as it is.

Tim. O my Dear, how can you suspect my Love? I had rather have thee again, than be Lord of the Manor.

Dol. I wou'd not forsake my *Timothy*, to be made a Lady.

Tim. Will you go Home with me, and love, and live in Peace; and drink no more Drams, to fright me so?

Dol. Are you as glad as you seem to be! are you willing to take me again!

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A I R XVI. I live in the Town of Lynn.



- Tim. *The Bark in Tempests tost,
Will the despairing Crew
Land on some unexpected Coast?*
- Dol. *Ay marry, and thank you too.
The Maid who dreamt by Night
Sh' had left her Love so true,
Will she awake to him and Light?*
- Tim. *Ay marry, and thank you too.
O thou art my happy Coast;*
- Dol. *And thou art my Love so true!*
- Tim. *Return my Joy;*
- Dol. *Take me, late lost;*
- Amb. *Ay marry, and thank you too.*

S C E N E XI. Lettice.

Mercy on me! I'm frighten'd out of my Wits! I dropt the Company going home, and came back again to see how my poor Father did, and, as sure as any thing, I saw my Mother's Ghost go over the Style; and but that I know that my Father's Alive and here, I cou'd have sworn that I had seen his too. — What shall I do? My Father will be very angry if he shou'd know that I am here; and yet I must speak to him. Father, Father! — Bless me, he is not here. I'm frighten'd worse now than I was before. Sure he is not fallen into my Mother's Grave. The Moon shines so directly into it, that I can see him if he be. [*Looks into the Grave, and shrieks.*] Dear, dear! there's neither Father nor Mother! — But let me think a little. — If my Mother shou'd be Alive, after all. — Ay marry, that wou'd fright me worse than seeing twenty Ghosts, for she'll force me to marry *Ned Ploughshare*. I hate Work, Poverty and Confinement; and if I marry him, I shall have all three.

AIR XVII. As I sat at my Spinning Wheel.



*How happy is that Woman's Life,
 Who, fair and free, has Wealth in store!
 But oh, how wretched is the Wife,
 That's doom'd to Work, and still be Poor:
 To wash, to brew, to card or reel,
 Or still to turn the Spinning Wheel?*

SCENE XII. Sir John, Jonathan, and Lettice.

Jon. Sir, you may be as merry as you please with my Cowardice, but I think still we had better have kept on our Horses Backs, and have ventur'd our Necks thro' the Sloughs, than to have come thro' this plaguy Church-yard at this time o' th' Night.

Sir John.

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Sir John. Ha, ha, ha! — what, you're afraid of the Dead?

Jon. I don't like their Company. — Ah, Land, a Ghost, a Ghost!

Sir John. Get up, you Cowardly Rascal, or —

Jon. O dear Sir, I can't, I can't. I'm frighten'd to Death.

Sir John. Nay, if that be the Case — you, and the Ghost, if there be one, may be better acquainted presently. I'll not spoil good Company. Farewel.

Jon. O Lud, that's worse than t'other. Pray don't leave me, and I will get up.

Sir John. Sure this Fellow's Folly has infected me too; for I think I see some body yonder in White. — Take your Hands from before your Eyes, you Dog, or I'll cut 'em off.

Jon. I will, I will. — O dear, dear Sir, there 'tis again.

Sir John. Cease your Impertinence, you Puppy, and let us observe it. It seems to me to be a Woman; if so, she must be in Distress. I'll go and speak to her.

Jon. O dear Sir, don't offer it. 'Tis certainly the Devil, who knowing your Constitution, has turn'd himself into this Shape, on purpose to draw you into his Clutches.

Sir John. Away, Fool.

[Goes to her.]

Jon. Poor Sir *John*! — Poor *Jonathan*! — When the Devil has run away with the Whore-master, what will become of the Pimp! I have follow'd this Master of mine to the Devil, and there will leave him, to go the rest of his Journey with his new Acquaintance, and try to repent and save one.

AIR XVII. The Oxfordshire Tragedy.



*My Master's Pimp and Favourite too,
In Liv'ry drest of various Hue,
In wanton Pride my Days I've spent,
But now, alas, I must repent.*

Methinks I do it very scurvily. If I was sure I was out of the Devil's reach now, I am afraid the Remembrance of my past Sins wou'd give me more Pleasure than Pain. And now I look again, it does not appear so frightful as it did. They are very close. — My Master has it by the Hand. If it shou'd be

a Woman after all — as it certainly is — I have made a fine piece of Work on't truly. Now will they strike up a Bargain without me, and I shall lose my Fee for extraordinary Services, my Place as Pimp in ordinary, and my Reputation for ever. Ay, ay, 'tis so — thus it goes.

AIR XXI. You Love and I Love.



In a Man's Voice. *Charming, lovely Woman, I am in love with thee ;*

In a Woman's. *Nay Sir, pish Sir, fye Sir, sure that ne'er can be.*

In a Man's. *You're so fair and charming,*

In a Woman's. *You're so kind and free,*

Alternatively. *You love, and I love, and you love,
And I am in love with thee.*

They are at it still. He palms her, she suffers it; he swears, she lies; he storms, she yields; *Victoria, Victoria, huzzah!*

Sir John. I see and pity your Distress; but, unless you consent to go along with me, how can I relieve you?

Let. O dear Sir, you are the kindest Gentleman, I shall never have it in my Power to make you amends.

Sir John. To serve any Person in distress, much more a Woman, rewards itself. And if you are but half so kind as you are fair, you'll always have it in your Power to lay me under the greatest Obligations in the World.

Let. I don't know what you mean by that, but I shall be very willing to be instructed, for I hate Ingratitude.

Sir John.

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Sir John. I hope you are single, for it is a Principle with me, never to ask any Favour of a married Woman. For he who pays his Liberty for a Woman, deserves to have her to himself.

Let. Nay, for that matter, I think, the Fools that are married are fit for no body but one another. For my part, I do, and always did, hate the Thoughts of a Husband.

Sir John. The most beautiful Woman, with the best natured Principles, that ever I met with in the whole Course of my Life.

Let. How he squeezes my Hand! I understand him — He is a fine Gentleman. — But I must not seem too forward neither. [Aside.]

AIR XX. Young I am, and yet unskill'd.



Young I am, and sore afraid :
Will you hurt a harmless Maid?
In this Place I fear to stay,
Fear with you to go away.
Tell me, kind Sir, tell me true,
What you will, and I must do :
How shall I say, Yes or No?
Can I stay, can I stay, or dare I go ?

A I R XXI. Flocks are sporting.



Sir John.

*Faint denying
's half complying;
Whist the Strife 'twixt Love and Shame
Fans the Fire
Of Desire,
Fans the Fire
Of Desire,
'Till it crowns the Lover's Flame.
'Till it crowns the Lover's Flame.*

Jon. What shou'd you be afraid of, Madam? If you and my Master shou'd break a Commandment together, there's no manner of harm done; for Sir *John* has a right to sin scot-free himself, and make his Neighbours pay for it, as he's a Justice of Peace.

Let. A Justice o' Peace! O dear, I'm so afraid now that my Father should come and spoil my Fortune. [*Aside.*]

Jon. Bear up, Sir, and I warrant we carry her off betwixt us.

Sir John. But what shall we do with her? Let us get off as fast as we can, for it is certainly the Devil, who, knowing my Constitution, assumes this Shape, as the most likely way to draw me into his Clutches.

Jon. Pox on his Memory.

[*Aside.*]

Sir J. Give me leave to lead you to the Style at the end of the Church-yard, where my Horses wait, and then —

Jon. Mount, Whip, Spur and away. Ha, Sir!

Let. O dear Sir! — What am I doing? Whither am I going? Well, well, carry me where you will, and do with me what you please, for sure you are a civil Gentleman.

A I R

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AIR XXII. Once I lov'd a Charming Creature.



*O shou'd wanton Fancies move you,
Shou'd you prove a naughty Man,
I shall think you never lov'd me ;
I shall hate you — if I can.*

*But for my down, down, derry down,
But for my down, down, derry down.*

Sir John. *Shou'd your Charming Beauty move me,
'Twon'd but prove that I'm a Man.
You shou'd believe I better lov'd you :
Try, then hate me if you can.*

Jon. *Then for her down, down, derry down,
Hey for her down, down, derry down.*

The End of the First Act.



ACT



A C T II. S C E N E I.

S C E N E *a Grove.*

S I L V I A.

A I R XXIII. *O the Charming Month of May.*

S I L E N T Night yields no Repose,
Silent Night my Anguish knows :
 And the gay Morning
 Now returning,
 Only lights me to new Woes.

Tim. within. *Only lights me to new Woes.*

Sil. *Silent Night yields no Repose.*

Tim. within. *Silent Night yields no Repose.*

Sil. Sure Echo's grown enamour'd with my Sorrows, that
 thus she dwells upon the plaintive Sound.

Tim. within. *Silent Night yields no Repose.*

Sil. Ha, this is something more! Perhaps, some wretched
 Maid, like me by Love undone, has chose yon gloomy Thicket
 to complain in; and kindly joins her sympathizing Notes with
 mine. I'll try again.

*Long must I this Torture bear,
 Long must I love and despair;*

What

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*What Life denies us
Death supplies us;
Friendly Death, come end my Care.*

Tim. within. *Friendly Death, come end my Care.*

Sil. *Long must I this Torture bear.*

Tim. *Long must I, &c.*

It seems, indeed, the Voice of one complaining; but one of that false, deceitful Sex, which only seems unhappy, when it wou'd make ours so indeed. Perhaps some busy, prying Wretch, has stole, unheeded, on my Sorrows, and with scornful Repetitions mocks my real Woes.

SCENE II. Timothy, and Silvia.

Tim. Forgive, fair Maid, an unhappy Man, who has wandred all the long Night, not knowing where he went, nor where to go. Tir'd with my Misery and fruitless Labour, unable to go farther, I laid me down in yonder Thicket to complain. But, hearing your Voice, I have with much Difficulty crept hither to enquire of you, after my lost Daughter; as I must of all I meet, 'till I have found her.

Sil. Is it a Child you have lost!

Tim. A dearly beloved and a loving Child,

Sil. That is a Loss indeed.

Tim. My Wife was buried last Night, and came to Life again, and while I went home with her, my Daughter was carried away.

Sil. Your Story's very strange.

Tim. But very true.

Sil. I only said that it was strange, not that it was not true. I have heard of People, who, seeming to be dead, have yet reviv'd. That may have been her Case.

Tim. I can't tell — It may be so — My Daughter is about your Age, but not so tall — Have you heard of any such Person?

Sil. No, indeed.

Tim. She's lost for ever, and I am the most miserable Man in the World.

AIR

A I R XXIV. Parson upon Dorothy.



*To love my Wife, to lose my Wife,
 To find my Wife again,
 Was Peace and strife,
 Was Death and Life,
 Was Pleasure and was Pain.
 In Hopes, and Fears,
 In Smiles, and Tears,
 Our Days inconstant flow;
 But no End I see
 Of my Misery,
 Since Fortune proves my Foe.*

Sil. You apprehend your Misery much greater than it is; for, if she be Virtuous, and Prudent, she will find the Means to return.

Tim. She may be kept by Force. She's very handsome——What may she not be forc'd to?

Sil. Fear it not. Innocence is the Care of Heaven. Virtue will give her Resolution to resist Temptation, and Strength to oppose Violence should it be offer'd: Duty will teach her such Artifices as will be sufficient to break thro' all Difficulties and Dangers, that Fraud or Force can raise to obstruct her in her Return.——How fare you, Friend? Your Colour changes, and you look not well.

Tim. Indeed I'm very sick, and faint.

Sil. Alas, poor Man! lend me your Arm, and let me lead you to yonder Bank; there you may repose your self a while: My Father, who lives at a Farm hard by, will soon be here, who will, I'm sure, assist you with any thing, that his poor House affords, or Power commands.

Tim. This Kindness to a Stranger, Heaven will reward.

Sil. Acts of Humanity reward themselves.

Tim.

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Tim. I give you too much Trouble.

Sil. They shew themselves unworthy of their Kind, who seeing their Fellow-Creatures in Distress, take not a Pleasure in relieving them. Are not All expos'd to Time and Chance? there's oft not the distance of an Hour betwixt the heights of Happiness and depth of Misery.

AIR XXV. *Polwart on the Green.*



Sil. *The sweet and blushing Rose*
 Soon withers and decays.

Tim. *Short are the Joys Life knows,*
 And few our happy Days.

Sil. *The fairest Day must set in Night;*

Tim. *Summer in Winter ends;*

Ambo. *So Anguish still succeeds Delight,*
 And Grief on Joy attends.

SCENE III. *To them, Welford and Servant.*

Sil. Here is my Father. A good Morning to you, Sir. — Your Blessing.

Wel. Heaven blest my Child.

Sil. Sir, here is an Object, that claims your Pity, and Assistance. An honest Man distress'd; so sick and weak he is, that it would be too much trouble to him now to repeat the Tale of his Misfortunes.

Wel. 'Tis enough that you, my *Silvia*, think he needs my Pity, to command all that's in my Power. Come, Friend, accept of this Lad to guide and assist you — I'll follow presently

sently — you shall find a hearty welcome, and all the Assistance I, or my Family, can lend you.

Tim. With many Thanks I accept your Kindness.

SCENE IV. Welford and Silvia.

Wel. Silvia, your Lover tarried late last Night — I have not seen you since till now. Nay, never blush, and turn away — he proposed Marriage, did he not?

Sil. O Father, why did you ever suffer him to talk of Love, or me to hear him?

Wel. There is no Shame in virtuous Love. The most modest Virgin may hear, and may return it too, without a Blush.

Sil. Oh!

Wel. Why weeps my Child? What mean these Sighs, and all these Agonies of Grief, as if thy Heart would burst?

Sil. O, I have cause to weep, despair, and die; for I have heard from the Man, who swore a thousand times he lov'd me, the Man I lov'd, the Man you bid me love, such vile Proposals. —

Wel. O! I am all on Fire — say, Silvia, what did he propose?

Sil. What is not fit for you to hear, nor me to speak.

Wel. Then the Villain has dared to attempt thy Innocence and Virtue?

AIR XXVI. Now, now comes on the glorious Year.



When tempting Beauty is the Prize,
Intemperate Youth, rash and unwise,
Laws human and divine despise,
Not thinking what they're doing;
But did they make the Case their own,
A Child, or Sister thus undone,
With Horror struck, they sure would shun,
Nor tempt such dreadful Ruin.

Sil.

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Sil. Vain of his Wealth, and his superior Birth, with bold, licentious Freedom he rail'd on Marriage; then talk'd to me of Love, Enjoyment, and eternal Truth; endeavouring, by imposing on my Simplicity, to render me vile as his own Ends. More he talk'd of Estates and Settlements, and I know not what; and more he would have talk'd; but I, with just Indignation fired, flew from his hated Presence.

AIR XXVII. One Evening as I lay.



*Alas me! unhappy Maid,
How wretched is my Fate?
Deceiv'd thus, and betray'd,
To love where I should hate.*

*When Hope has fled our Breast,
Why should Desire remain?
To rob us of our Rest,
And give incessant Pain.*

Wel. I will revenge thee, thou excellent Maid; I will revenge thee on him, my self, and all that ever wrong'd thee.

Sil. Alas! Sir, I want no Revenge; or if I did, what could you do against a Man so powerful?— the Attempt would prove your Ruin. — Let me not see him — let him not insult me with his Presence — by that means to be secur'd from new Injuries, is all the Vengeance I desire.

Wel. He never shall, unless he comes with deep Remorse and humble Penitence to ask your Pardon, and make you Reparation.

Sil.

Sil. Let him not come at all. The Man, who takes Advantage from a Maid's mean Condition to attempt her Virtue, can never make her Reparation.

Wel. I fear you hate him then.

Sil. Why should you fear it? You methinks should wish it rather. 'Twas long before my Heart was taught to love him, and by the Pain his Cruelty gives me I fear 'twill be much longer e're it will learn to hate him.

Wel. I'll go and give Orders that Care be taken of the Stranger, and then I'll see this mighty Man, who, by a vile Abuse of his Power, has dared to wrong me thus. Thou'lt Reason indeed for thy Anger; but grieve not, my *Silvia*. I can and will defend thee.

A I R XXVIII. At Rome there is a terrible Rout.



*For our Poultry and Flocks we oft break our Repose,
To defend them from Foxes and Kites, their known Foes;
We our Children must guard from worse Vermin than those,
Which no Body can deny, &c.*

S C E N E V. *Silvia*.

My Fatherbad me not to grieve — happy for me could I in that obey him. In all the height of his Passion he never commanded me to hate the injurious Author of my Woes. Indulgent Parent! He knows that 'tis not in my Power, and wou'dn't impose on me a Task impossible. Answer his Kindness then with equal Fortitude, and bear, without Reproach, those Ills thou canst not cure. To assert the Dignity of injur'd Virtue, tho' in an humble State, be then my Care, and leave the rest to Heaven.

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AIR XXIX. Fond Echo.



*As wretched and mean, we despise
The Vicious, their Wealth, and high State;
The lowest, in Virtue, may rise,
'Tis Virtue alone makes us great.*

*The boarse Peacock, tho' gaudy and gay,
Sweeps the Earth with his Train, tho' so bright;
While the Lark, in his humble Array,
Soars warbling to Regions of Light.*

SCENE VI. A Room in Sir John's House.

Enter Betty.

Betty. Sir John lies beyond his usual Hour — he likes his new Bed-fellow. O the Impudence of some People! —

D

Here,

Here, in his own House — under my Nose, as 'twere —
 to bring his Trollops. Nay, to oblige me to wait upon her
 too — warm the Bed for 'em! — What, make a Bawd of
 me? — O, I could fire the House, to be made a Bawd of
 at these Years. The impudent Creature too — to lie with a
 Man the first time he ask'd her. — I wonder Sir *John* isn't
 asham'd of himself! — to take up with such a forward Drab —
 At first, I'm sure, he did not find me so easy. — Well, I've
 been a Fool; — but, if it was to do again —

AIR XXX. Young *Philander* woo'd me long.



Harmless Maids, of Men beware,
 When they're tempting you to Evil;
 Tho' their Flatt'ries charm the Ear,
 To be forsaken is the Devil.
 Un-wed, ne'er consent to do it;
 Trust no false designing Fellow:
 Virgins pluckt, like other Fruit,
 Lose their Relish, and grow mellow.

SCENE

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SCENE VII. To her, Jonathan.

Betty. O *Jonathan*! *Sir John* is a barbarous Man to me; but you remember, I hope, before you know what passed, you bid me fear nothing, for you were ready to marry me at any time.

Jon. Ay, ay, very likely, Child. But did *Sir John* promise nothing, before you know what pass'd, but what he has since perform'd?

Betty. Yes, he did, to be sure. — He promis'd to love me always. But, what o'that? if he be a Gentleman, and above keeping his Word, I hope that it is no Shame for poor People to be honest?

Jon. The greatest in the World, Child. Why, it would be down-right Impudence in us to pretend to be wiser than our Betters. Besides, you are mine o' course, and must not pretend to talk of Terms now. — I have an equal Right to my Master's cast Cloaths and Mistresses. — You are part of my Perquisites.

AIR XXXI. Great Lord Frog, and Lady Mouse.



At Table thus my Master feeds;
'Till he has done, I look on;
When the Second Course succeeds,
The first is left, like you.

As I in Love my Master serve,
Sure, I don't so ill deserve,
Tho' enough remains, to starve?
I seize you as my Due.

Betty. O Jonathan, sure you won't use me as my Master has done!

Jon. I can't tell; I'll use you as well as I can; perhaps you may have no reason to repent of the Exchange.

Betty. Because I've been my Master's Fool, do you think I'll be yours?

Jon. Yes.

Betty. You're Impudent, and ——

Jon. You like me the better for't.

Betty. Now I'm down-right angry with you.

AIR XXXII. Dear Pickaninny.



Betty. *Be gone, Sir, and fly me.*

Jon. *How can you deny me?
Be kind, and once try me.*

Betty. *Ne'er talk of it more.*

Jon. *Come, grant my Desire.*

Betty. *I your Rudeness admire.*

Jon. *To your Chamber retire.*

Betty. *Sir, there is the Door.*

[They sing the following Stanza together.]

Jon. *Come, grant my Desire.*

Betty. *I'll not grant your Desire.*

Jon. *I your Beauty admire.*

Betty. *I your Rudeness admire.*

Jon. *To your Chamber retire.*

Betty. *By your self, pray, retire.*

Jon. *Love, there is the Door.*

Betty. *Sir, there is the Door.*

[Exit Betty, on one Side, shutting the Door upon Jonathan who goes off on the other.]

SCENE

SCENE VIII. Lettice.

AIR XXXIII. Mrs. Le Gard's Dance in *Perseus* and *Andromeda*.



Let. *When youthful May adorns the Year,
The Earth is gay, the Heav'ns are clear,
And the long Days scarce yield to Night:
The Groves with Vernal Musick ring,
Beneath our Feet fresh Odours spring,
All Nature revels in Delight:
In Life, Youth is the Bloom of May;
We laugh, we sing, we sport, we play;
And every rolling Hour supplies,
Some new, and some untasted Joys,
And all the various Scenes are bright.*

Let. How fine I am? All over Lace, and Holland, and Silk, and Silver! ——— How pretty I look, too! Nay, I always thought my self too good for a Taylor's Daughter. And since I find what my Favours are worth, I'll be cunning, and get as much for 'em as I can, that I may never work, nor be poor again.

SCENE IX. To her, Sir John.

Sir John. Don't you wonder at your own Beauty? Drefs'd, or Undress'd, Night, or Day, you're always charming.

Let. Let me alone: Why do you stare upon a Body so? I can't bear to see you, I am so asham'd.

Sir John. Kind Innocent, yet charming Creature, that has the Art to please beyond all her Sex, that I ever knew, yet seems to know nothing of it. Last Night ——— ye wanton Rogue ———

Let. Oh! you're a sad Man.

D 3

AIR

AIR XXXIV. Alas !what mean I, foolish Maid?



O fye! how could you serve me so?
 You naughty Man, pray, let me go,
 That from you I may run;
 But should I go, I fear 'twere vain,
 For soon I should return again,
 To be by you undone.

Sir John. Never were Tempers better suited. This Girl is as much a Libertine in the Affairs of Love, as my self; only she don't seem so well acquainted with her own Constitution, as to be able to give any Account of the Matter. — It's pure Nature in her; like some lucky Quacks, who, tho' they know nothing of the Theory, yet practise with surprizing Success.

AIR XXXV. Musing, I late on *Windsor* Terras fate.

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*The lovely, blooming Creature,
Charming in ev'ry Feature ;*

Loving, moving,

Joys improving,

When she yields to Nature :

But O! the pleasing Smart,

That thrills thro' ev'ry Part,

When possessing,

Kissing, pressing,

Passion's improv'd by Art.

SCENE X. *To them, Jonathan.*

Jon. Sir, your Honour's Tenant, Farmer *Welford*, is come to wait upon you.

Sir John. Ha! I might well expect him, indeed — I am strangely shock'd. — Yet I must see him. — Tell him, I am coming down.

SCENE XI. *Sir John and Lettice.*

Sir John. My Dear, my Affairs force me to leave you for the present ; in the mean time my Servants shall attend you — Your Servants they are now, and as such command them.

Lett. But, will they obey me?

Sir John. Ay, or you shall change them for such as will.

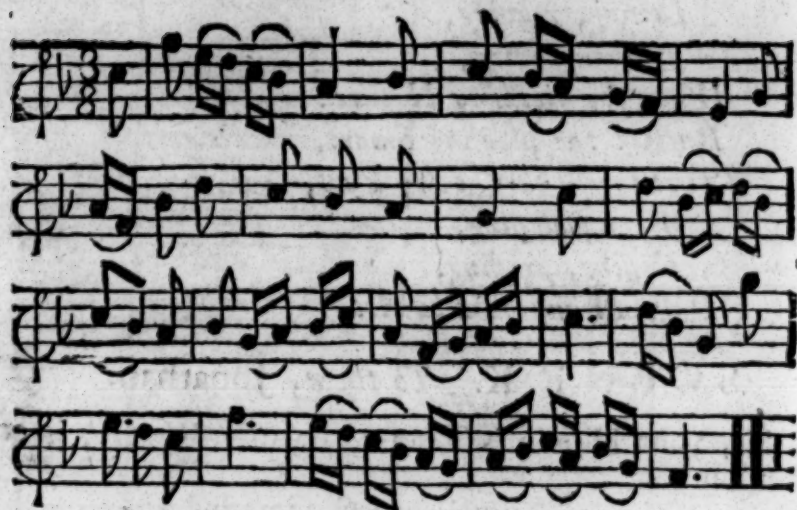
Lett. Then I shall be a Mistress indeed.

Sir John. Thou art the Mistress of my Life and Fortune ; for a Moment, dear Creature, farewell.

Lett. Dear Sir, good by r'ye.

SCENE XII. *Lettice.*

I'm now a Lady indeed. A fine House, fine Cloaths, and Servants to command. And this *Sir John* is the finest, handsomest Gentleman. — Not that I care for him, any more than I should for any Body else, that would but make a Gentlewoman of me. But I must take care never to let him know that, for it is for my Interest that he should love me. Besides, now I am a Gentlewoman, I find, I should like mightily to be admir'd by every body, and care for no body.

A I R XXXVI. When *Cloe* we ply.

*We Women appear
 Now kind, now severe,
 As Interest for either doth call;
 If we stay, and comply,
 If we fly, and deny,
 It is all Artifice, all; 'tis Artifice, Artifice all.*

S C E N E XIII. *Lettice and Betty.*

Betty. Madam, Breakfast is ready for you.

Let. Is it so, Mrs. *Minks*? but how do you know whether I am ready for that?

Betty. I suppose Sir *John* knows, Madam. He order'd me to get it ready as soon as I could.

Let. Where is it? How did you know but that I would have had it here in my own Chamber?

Betty. Nay, if that be all, Madam, I can soon fetch it, for that matter.

Let. Come back; where is the Wench going? You're mighty ready to obey without Orders, and to run without being sent.

S C E N E XIV. *Betty.*

My Chamber! — and *Minks*! — How the aukward *Trapes* takes upon her already? Sir *John* acts like a Gentleman, truly. — To suffer me to be huff'd, and abus'd by this — I don't know what to call her bad enough. I'll not bear it, that's poz. I have let Farmer *Welford* know what a Life my Master leads. — That'll make pure Mischief; for he loves the Daugh-

ter

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ter so well, that he dares not disoblige the Father. Ay, there's a Girl, who, tho' but the Daughter of a poor Farmer, by her Prudence in keeping the Fellows at a Distance, has as many Admirers as there are Gentlemen in the County. Upon that single Point turns the Happiness or Misery of a Woman's Life. But how few of us have the Wit to find this out 'till it is too late!

AIR XXXVII. Room, Room for a Rover.



*Frail's the Bliss of Woman,
Fleeting as a Shade;
While we pity no Man,
Goddesses we're made:
If our Favours wanting,
To their Wants we're kind;
Ruin'd by our granting,
We no Favour find.
Birds, for kind complying,
Love their Females more;
We're lov'd for denying,
Scorn'd when we implore.
While on ev'ry Tree,
Cherry, Cherry, sing the small Birds;
Terry, Terry, sing the black Birds;
Happier far than we.*

SCENE XV. Sir John and Welford.

Wel. Sir John, tho' from your late Behaviour I'm convinc'd that you look upon me as a Wretch, whom in the Wantonness of your Wealth and Power you may injure without Danger, yet, I must tell you, that 'tis base to wrong a poor Man,
meerly

meerly because he is so; and not always so safe as you may imagine.

Sir John. I little expected such an Accusation from any Man, much less, *Welford*, from you; whatever other Faults I may have, Pride and Cruelty, I thank Heav'n, are Strangers to my Nature. If you are uneasy that your Lease is unrenew'd, the Fault is in your self, you might have had it done at any time, upon your applying to me.

Wel. It is not that which I complain of; tho' your refusing it be the Ruining me and my whole Family, yet as it is a Matter of Courtesy, not Right, you are at your Liberty.—— But that is not what I now come to speak of.

Sir John. My Love of Pleasure has not so far wasted my Estate, or debauched my Principles, as to tempt me to wrong any Man, much less the Poor. The less they have a Right to, the greater Necessity there is of preserving them in the quiet Possession of that Right.

Wel. Are not our Children the best and dearest Part of our Properties? Is there a Monarch in the Universe that does not esteem an Heir to his Crown dearer than the Crown he wears? Nature is alike in all. The meanest Wretch, who daily labours for the Bread with which he feeds his poor Offspring, loves them as much as the greatest King can his.

AIR XXXVIII. On yonder high Mountain.



*The powerful Law of Nature
Doth Savage Tygers bind;
What fierce or cruel Creature,
But to its Young is kind*

By

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By Hunger strong oppress'd,
They forgoe their needful Prey;

Love confessing,

Still caressing:

Shall Man do less than they?

Sir John, I have a Daughter.

Sir John. You have, a fair one.

Wel. True, she is fair; but her Beauty is her least Perfection.

Sir John. In the Bloom of Youth she hath Wisdom, Prudence, and Modesty, beyond what I have observ'd in the most venerable Old Age.

Wel. And to crown all, an inflexible Virtue, that sets her as much above Temptation from Flattery, Wealth, or Power, as they are beneath her true Value.

Sir John. She is, indeed, the *Phoenix* of her Sex.

Wel. 'Tis no Boasting, but modest Truth in a Father to say she is. Then where is your Judgment, or Gratitude? Have I not preferr'd you to many Gentlemen of superior Merit and Fortune, in your Addresses to my *Silvia*?

Sir John. I own the Obligation, and — but that I am resolv'd never to marry.

Wel. Not marry, Sir! Why 'tis a Debt due to your Ancestors — you are the Medium 'twixt them and Posterity, which in you must fail unless prevented by a prudent and timely Choice; and an ample Estate, obtain'd by their Industry, be possess'd by Strangers to their Blood.

Sir John. As to my Ancestors, they have had their time, as I now have mine; they liv'd to please themselves, and so will I. As to Posterity, I shall not trouble my self about what I know nothing of, and which may or may not be, notwithstanding all the Care we can take about it.

Wel. Since I find, what I hop'd had been only the Warmth of Youth, to be Principles with you, you are justly accountable for their Consequences.

Sir John. Notwithstanding your present Circumstances, I look upon you as a Gentleman. In your Youth, as a Soldier of Fortune, you had Opportunities of knowing the World beyond most Men; which, join'd to your good Sense and just Observation, qualifies you to give Advice the best of any Man I know. And I appeal to your own Experience, whether Marriage be not a state of Life, attended with innumerable Cares, Disappointments, and Inquietudes?

Wel. 'Tis true I have found it so; and you, by your living so many Years in my House in your Youth, was frequently an Eye-witness

witness of this sad Truth: And I further confess that my secret Troubles (which were the greater for being so) far exceeded all that ever were visible; but those are not essential to a married State, but might have been prevented by a more prudent Choice. But as it was, one darling Child, not only made them easy, but far o'er-paid them all. [Tho' Heaven knows that Child is now my greatest Trouble.] [Aside.

Sir John. It is not the Lot of every Man to be Father to a *Silvia*. The ill Conveniences of Marriage are certain, the Advantages precarious, therefore I determine to persevere in my Freedom.

AIR XXXIX. A Country Life is sweet.



Free from Confinement, and Strife,
 I'll plow thro' the Ocean of Life,
 To seek new Delights,
 Where Beauty invites,
 But ne'er be confin'd to a Wife.
 The Man that is free,
 Like a Vessel at Sea,
 After Conquest and Plunder may roam;
 But when either's confin'd,
 By Wife, or by Wind,
 Tho' for Glory design'd,
 No Advantage they find,
 But rot in the Harbour at home.

Wel. How falsely do you reason? Lewdness is a Gulph which swallows up the Lives and Fortunes of all who venture into it. And such will be your Fate, if you pursue the Courte you are now engag'd in.

Sir

Sir John. I shall run the Hazard, spite of your wise Admonitions.

Wel. At your own Peril be it then. Have I suppress'd my just Resentment thus long, to expostulate with thee for this? You would be thought a Man of Humanity and Honour—was not your late villanous Attempt upon my Daughter's Virtue a notorious Instance of both? Nay, Sir, you may start, and frown, and bite your Lips, if you please, — I repeat it again, your villanous Attempt.

Sir John. Considering who I am, and what you are, supposing I had been to blame, 'twou'd have become you to have cloath'd your Complaints in softer Language.

Wel. No Words are strong enough to express your Baseness and my Wrongs.

Sir John. Had the worst you seem to apprehend been accomplish'd —

Wel. Confound thy prophane Tongue for such a Supposition.

Sir John. Your Insolence and Outrage would tire the Patience of an Angel. Is not your Daughter virtuous and chaste as ever?

Wel. The Excellency of her Virtue, whom you would have ruin'd, but aggravates thy Guilt.

Sir John. The mighty Ruin you talk of was but to have devoted my Life and Fortune to her Pleasure, which sure was sufficient to have kept her from Contempt, and her Beauty would still have been as much admir'd as ever.

Wel. After the Loss of Virtue, Beauty and Fortune, like a fair and sumptuous Monument erected upon a bad Man's Grave, serve only to perpetuate Infamy, and make it more extensive.

Sir John. What is it that you'd wish your Daughter?

Wel. I wish her Innocence, Peace, Fortune with Fame on Earth, and Everlasting Happiness hereafter; but you'd make them all impossible to her.

Sir John. She may still be happy.

Wel. And shall, in spite of thee. Fond Fool that I was! I thought to have made you the happy Instrument to have advanced her to that Lustre and Rank in Life her Merit claims; but you have render'd your self unworthy of that Happiness and Honour; and notwithstanding all my Dotage on thee, you now force me to curse the Parent that begot thee, the Womb that bore thee, and the Hour that gave thee to the Light; for thou hast added to the Wrongs of *Silvia*, hast pierc'd her Heart with new unthought of Sorrows — I have seen her flowing Tears, heard her sad Sighs and soft Complaints for thy Ingratitude, unworthy as thou art.

Sir John. O *Welford*! Father! did she weep and sigh for me? O let me fly to throw me at her Feet! I cannot bear to hear

hear her Sorrows told. But oh! to see her — surely I shall die with Tenderness before her! I could not have thought I had been so happy, or so wretched.

AIR XL. Draw, Cupid, draw.



Reign, Silvia, Reign;
 The Rebel quits his Arms:
 Your Power's compleat,
 And I submit
 To your Victorious Charms.
 The pleasing Pain,
 The gentle Chain,
 That constant Hearts unite,
 Such Joy bestows,
 That Freedom knows
 No such sincere Delight.

I shiver, and I burn,
 I triumph, and I mourn,
 I faint, I die,
 Until I fly
 Her Passion to return;
 But O, I fear,
 Too fierce to bear
 The mighty Joy will be,
 And Love's keen Dart,
 Fixt in my Heart,
 Prove that of Death to me.

Wel.

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Wel. Whither would you go?

Sir John. Whither but to *Silvia*? to *Silvia* much wrong'd, but more belov'd; to the loving, mourning *Silvia*.

Wel. To what end?

Sir John. To implore her Pardon, to expell her Griefs, to vow eternal Love, eternal Truth.

Wel. And if she consents to ratify those Vows by marrying — Ha! he starts; a crimson Blush o'erspreads his guilty Face. Wouldst thou again abuse my fond Credulity? I here renounce all Friendship with thee, and forbid all future Converse with my *Silvia*. If by my Consent you ever see her Face again, may Heaven renounce me; if to revenge her Wrongs and punish you, I spare my self, may —

Sir John. O stop thy Imprecations, thou rash old Man; for know, I cannot, will not live without my *Silvia*'s Sight. Unsay what thou hast sworn — I never will again abuse my Trust — never again will I repeat my Offence,

Wel. With me you've sinn'd past all Forgiveness.

Sir John. Tho' I ever lov'd thy charming Daughter, yet till this Hour I never knew how much. Make me not desperate, for if you do, by all the Pains I feel, there's no Revenge so cruel, but I'll pursue, to make thy Misery, if possible, to equal mine; eject thee from thy Farm; expose thee to Want, and Wretchedness, and —

Wel. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir John. Fury and Madness! my Submission rejected! my Pains insulted! and my just Resentment laugh'd at!

AIR XLI. *Gillian of Croydon.*



Since you despise my Power,
 Tho' doubly press'd with Want and Age,
 I'll make you curse the fatal Hour,
 You scorn'd my Love, and urg'd my Rage.
 Shall I to my Vassal bend?
 When the weak with the strong contend,
 On his own Head he plucks the Ruin;
 So I my just Revenge pursuing,
 Will crush you, before I end.

AIR

AIR XLII. Heigh Boys up go we.



Wel. *In vain you storm, and threaten high;
 He's weak, whose Cause is wrong:
 When we your boastive Power shall try,
 You'll find that Right is strong.
 A virtuous Maid,
 Wrong'd and betray'd,
 Shall thy Destruction prove;
 There's no Defence,
 Like Innocence,
 Nor Curse like lawless Love.*

SCENE XVI. Welford's House.

Silvia, and Betty.

Betty. Nay, for that matter, I've told your Father already, and he seem'd so little concern'd at it, that it put me out of all Patience. So thought I, perhaps he won't tell Mrs. Silvia, and, just as I thought, so it happen'd; so thought I, I'll e'en go and tell Mrs. Silvia my self.

Sil. Oh!

[*Aside.*]

Betty. Madam,

Sil. Alas!

Betty. What did you say?

Sil. Did I say any thing?

Betty. I thought you did.

Sil. Not that I know of. Oh! how shall I conceal my Tortures from this busy, prying Creature?

[*Aside.*]

Betty. But Mrs. Silvia, don't you think this Sir John a horrible sort of Man?

Sil. All appear such to me, who fall from Virtue.

Betty. Virtue! Why he minds me no more than we do an old Sweetheart, when we have got a new one.

Sil. The tiresome Impertinent! When shall I have Freedom to complain?

[*Aside.*]

Betty. And then he's so fond of her — Madam must have this, and Madam must have that, and Madam must have t'other; and this isn't good enough, and that isn't fine enough, and

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and t'other isn't rich enough for her. O it would make one distracted to see it! The impudent Strumpet — I could tear her Eyes out.

AIR XLIII. Young *Corydon* and *Phillis*.



*My Rage is past conceiving;
I storm and curse my Fate,
To think she's still receiving
Such Wealth and Pleasures great,
And something else, but what I dare not,
What I dare not, what I dare not name.*

But our *Jonathan*, by the way, is as bad as his Master; — O there's a precious Couple of 'em! — but as I was saying, our *Jonathan*, who is Sir *John*'s Cabinet-Counsellor, says my Master loves no body from his Heart but you; and therefore the best of it is, her Reign is like to be but short.

Sil. When Women do those things, for which upon Reflection they ought to hate themselves, they can't expect that Men will love them long.

Betty. Why as you say, Mrs. *Silvia*, that Woman that a, a — (I don't very well understand her tho', but I suppose that means that Sir *John* should love no body but her self) [*Aside.*] — But what were you saying, Mrs. *Silvia*?

Sil. That she who parts with her Virtue, parts with the only Charm, that makes a Woman truly lovely; and she may well expect, for she deserves, to be despis'd.

Betty. She speaks plain enough now truly. [*Aside.*] — Yes, as you say, one can't hate that impudent Creature too much.

Sil. If she be such, as you have describ'd her, she is miserable, and, whatever she may deserve, as such I sincerely pity her.

E

AIR

AIR XLIV. *Strepson*, when you see me fly.

*Where can gentle Pity meet
So fit a Subject for her Grief?
Sure that Misery's compleat,
When Time, and Death yields no Relief.
Death from lesser Ills may save;
Shame extends beyond the Grave.*

Betty. Well, I'll stay no longer; she's enough to put one out of Conceit with ones self. [*Aside.*] *Mrs. Silvia*, I hope you believe that what I have told you is nothing but the Truth.

Sil. Wou'd I cou'd nor.

[*Aside.*

Betty. But I beg you to take no manner of Notice.

Sil. You may be assured I never will. May it ever remain unknown; if they are guilty, they may yet repent; which if they do, Heaven innocent and gracious will forgive; the equally guilty World, never will; if they are innocent, what Injury shall I do, what Guilt contract, by propagating Falshood?

Betty. Yes, yes, as you say — besides I should be turn'd out of Doors; and you know 'twould vex a body to lose ones Place for such a, a, a — but I've told you what she is, and so *Mrs. Silvia* your Servant. — What a way she has of talking? She gives one such Rubs, and yet does not seem to know it neither. I don't like her; but if she does but hold her Tongue I'm safe enough. I've made a pure deal of Mischief, I don't doubt, for I'm sure she's nettled, for all her Gravity.

AIR XLV. A Wealthy Merchant's Son.



*She who, when she'd please,
Finds she's mistaken,
Others Pain gives her Ease,
Tho' she's forsaken.*

Since

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*Since he disdains my Love,
New Beauties courting,
His lasting Plague I'll prove,
I'll spoil his Sporting.*

SCENE XVII. Silvia.

Sil. She's gone, the busy Impertinent is gone, whose painful Presence check'd my struggling Griefs; and now my swollen Heart, and ready Eyes, may burst with sighing, and o'erflow with Tears! O Freeman, Freeman! I thought thy former Baseness, thy vile Attempt upon my injur'd Honour, had giv'n me all the Pains you could inflict, or I endure; but Jealousy, that burning Caustick to a Mind wounded by Love and Injuries before, to Torture adding Torture, Pain to Pain, gives Agonies never to be conceiv'd till they are felt.

AIR XLVI. Whilst I gaze on *Chloe*.



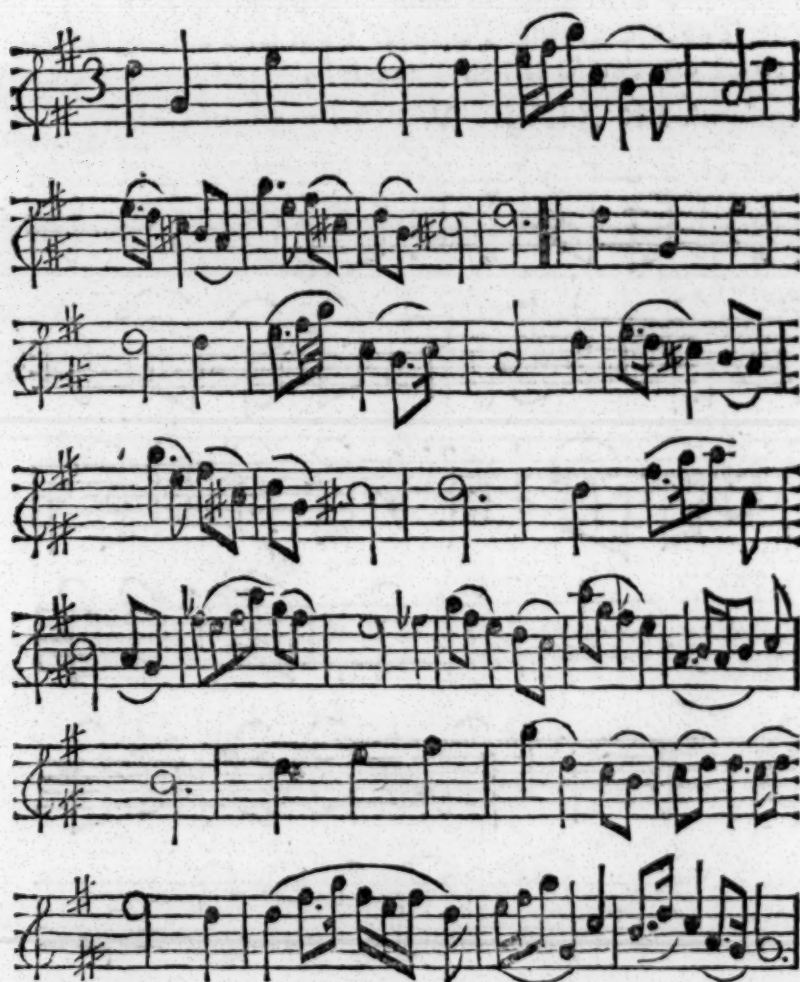
*Still to sigh, to pine, and languish,
Still to weep and wish in vain,
Still to bear increasing Anguish,
Ever hopeless to complain!
Thus to Sorrow never ceasing,
I a helpless Victim prove;
Ever full, and still increasing,
Are the Pains of jealous Love.*



A C T III. S C E N E I.

S C E N E *A Grove.*

Silvia, Welford.

A I R XLVII. *Midsummer With.*

Sil. **W**HEN flatt'ring Love, and stern Despair,
 At once invade the Virgin's Breast,
 The meeting Tydes raise Tempests there,
 The rolling Storm destroys her Rest.
 Bright Innocence, unerring Guide,
 Lead me where Peace serenely reigns;
 If gloomy Death her Mansions hide,
 I'll seek her there, to lose my Pains.

Wel.

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Wel. Still sighing! — Still in Tears! — In soft and gentle Murmurs still complaining! Yet she, innocent even in Thought of any Guilt, that might deserve a Punishment so severe, accuses not the Heavens, nor Me, nor Him, the cruel Author of her Woes. No Storm of Rage ruffles her lovely Face; no Thought of Vengeance swells her beating Breast; Virtue, Love, and Grief, so amply fill her Mind, there is no Room for any ruder Guest. Never did Passion in a Female Breast run with so deep, so strong, so smooth a Stream.

Sil. My Father here!

Wel. Weeping, my *Silvia*! Could'st thou think how deep thy Sorrows wound me, I know thou would'st endeavour to subdue them.

Sil. I did not know you was so nigh. — I had not else indulg'd this Burst of Grief: It adds to my Unhappiness, to afflict so tender, and so good a Father.

Wel. Thy more than Child-like Duty and Affection, thy yielding Sweetness, and determin'd Virtue, of which each Hour you give me fresh Examples, do so affect me, that I am torn 'twixt Joy and Wonder, Sorrow and Remorse, when-e'er I look upon thee. I, I, wretched as I am, have contributed to all the Wrongs you suffer.

Sil. My dearest Father, do not thus aggravate our common Grief; let not your Affection for me, cause you to wrong your self. If you have permitted me to love, and I have been deceiv'd, were not you deceiv'd too?

Wel. Indeed I was; but all shall yet be well; shortly you shall be convinc'd, that he's so far unworthy of your Love, that gentle Peace and Joy shall fill your Breast, and he be scorn'd at first, and soon forgot.

AIR XLVIII. How happy are young Lovers.



On some Rock, by Seas surrounded,
Distant far from Sight of Shore;
When the shipwreck'd Wretch, confounded,
Hears the bellowing Tempests roar;
Hopes of Life do then forsake him,
When in this deplor'd Extream,
Then his own loud Shrieks awake him,
And he finds it all a Dream.

Such

Such are your Afflictions; and they, from their excessive Greatness, shall, like some dreadful Vision, find their End.

Sil. Good Man! He knows not that all has been discover'd to me already. [*Aside.*] Shall I deceive the best of Fathers, and by Hypocrisy make that my Crime, which is but my Misfortune? No. Whatever Discovery you make of his Faults, forgive me, if I say, that I must love him still. True, Virtue forbids all Converse with him, and I — obey; his Crimes I hate; his Fall from Virtue I lament; his Person, tho' I never see, nor wish to see again, 'tis still certain I must ever, ever love.

AIR XLIX. One Night, when all the Village slept.



*You happy Maids, who never knew
The Pains of constant Love,
Be warn'd by me, and never do
The ling'ring Torture prove.*

*Wisdom, here, brings no Relief,
And Resolution's vain;
Opposing, we increase our Grief,
And faster bind the Chain.*

SCENE

SCENE II. Goody Busy, Goody Costive, &c.

G. Busy. A good Day to you, Mr. *Welford*; I have brought with me all my Neighbours, as you requested; and hearing you were here, with your Daughter, I left them at your House, and chose with Goody *Costive* and Goody *Gabble*, to come to you, that we might have the Pleasure of seeing Mrs. *Silvia*.

Wel. 'Tis kindly done of you; there is my Daughter; I'll leave you with her, and go and bid your Friends welcome. — You may follow at your Leisure.

SCENE III. Silvia, Goody Busy, Goody Costive, &c.

G. Busy. Do so, do so; I must have a little Talk with her. It is some Years ago since I saw her, — never since she was Christened, as I remember. It is a great way, and I (Heaven help me) grow old, I don't use to be so sparing of my Visits else. — Dost not know me, pretty one?

Sil. I don't remember to have seen you before; but, as my Father's Friend, I am pleased to have the Opportunity to know you now.

G. Busy. Pretty Sweetness! thou'rt grown out of my Knowledge too, to be sure; but we have been better acquainted; I was thy Mother's Midwife. — Let me see — you will be Eighteen come the Time, and not married yet! Now out upon thy Father, for a naughty Man! it must have been his Fault, for you are so pretty, that you must have had Offers enow.

Sil. It is soon enough to know Care and Trouble.

G. Busy. Now out upon it! we have never had any good Times since People talk'd so. — Was not I young my self? and don't I know that the most troublesome and careful Part of a Woman's Life, is from the time that she is fit for a Husband, till she has got one? Our greatest Care and Trouble is over then, for the Men, who seldom take any before, are bound to do it then.

A I R L. A Dame of Honour.



*A Maid, tho' beautiful and chaste,
Like a Cypher stands alone;
Man, like a Figure, by her plac'd,
Makes her Worth and Value known.*

*The Tyrant, Man, fast bound for Life,
To rule she takes upon her;
Whene'er a Maid is made a Wife,
She becomes a Dame of Honour.*

G. Cost. Goody Busy, you are always talking to People in praise of Marriage; now I suspect you, being a Midwife, do it for your own Ends. —

G. Busy. Suppose I did, Goody Costive, where is the Harm of that? I am sure, Times are so bad, that what with one thing, and what with another, an honest Woman, in my way of Business, can hardly get Bread; and I never expect to see it otherwise, while Matrimony is so much despised as it is; why, the Men are grown so horrible cunning, that few of them will marry at all; and the Women are grown so forward, that they won't stay till they are married. — But you are melancholy, *Mrs. Silvia.*

Sil. A little thoughtful; I hope you'll excuse me.

G. Gabble. Why truly, Neighbour Busy, these must needs be great Hardships upon you; for no Marriages, no Lyings-Inn.

G. Busy. It is not that which I complain of; for, to say the Truth, I don't find but that single People have as many Children as those that are married; but then they are such Infidels, as to let their Children dye without Christening, and what signifies, to the Midwife, a Lying-in, without a Christening? — I had once some Thoughts of going to London, but I am informed that it is worse there than here; for there are, it seems,

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a Number of Women who get their Livelihood by being naught with any Man that will pay them for it, and yet never have any Children at all.

Sil. I can't guess what my Father designs by sending for these People. [*Aside.*

G. Cost. Good lack-a-day! then they have no need of a Midwife, for certain.

G. Busy No, no; the Surgeons do all their Business.

SCENE IV. *Silvia, Goody Busy, Goody Costive, Goody Gabble, and Jonathan.*

Sil. Jonathan! What comes he for?

Jon. Madam!

Sil. To me?

Jon. Yes, Madam; Sir *John Freeman*, by me, begs your Pardon of this Letter.

Sil. I am sorry Sir *John* has given himself the Trouble, since I am under the Necessity of refusing it.

Jon. My Master commanded me to tell you, that it concern'd the Happiness of your Father.

Sil. Since such is the Case, I'll this Instant to my Father, and acquaint him of this important Letter — wait you here my Return.

SCENE V. *Jonathan, Goody Busy, Goody Costive, &c.*

Jon. Well, she's an agreeable Lady, faith. I wonder what Sir *John* means, by employing me in this Affair? If his Design be honourable, he knows I can be of no manner of use to him, 'tis quite out of my way; and if he has any other Thoughts of her, he has less Sense than I imagin'd he had — But who have we here! my old Acquaintance, and former Neighbour, *Goody Busy*!

G. Busy. Bless me; Mr. *Jonathan*! is it you! why you are strangely grown; almost out of my Knowledge. But I am glad to see thee, with all my Heart.

Jon. I beg your Pardon, but I must salute you.

G. Busy. 'Tis what we are us'd to at Christenings. — Pray let it go round.

Jon. With all my Heart.

[*Kisses the rest.*]

G. Cost. A pretty civil young Man truly. I have known some squeamish ill-bred Fellows, refuse to do their Duty by a Woman, because she was in Years.

G. Busy. But where hast been all this while; and what Business dost follow?

Jon.

Jon. As you see, I serve a Gentleman.

G. Busy. Are you Married?

Jon. My Master is a single Man, and won't keep any Body that is married in his Family.

G. Busy. Ay, Shame take these Gentlefolks; they would have every Body as bad as themselves. That must be a sad House, that has never an honest Woman in it.

Jon. We live as they do in most Batchelors Families, very lovingly. While my Master is entertaining the House-keeper in his Chamber, I am as civil to the Cook-maid in the Garret.

G. Busy. O sad, O sad! what pity it is that young Men should spend their Time unfruitfully with naughty Women; when, were they honestly married, they might in a lawful way do much good in their Generation. If you have any Thoughts of Marriage, I have a Widow in my Eye, that would do very well for you. She has something to bring you to, and is under Thirty I assure you. While her Husband was in Health, she brought him a Child every Year; but I don't know how it fell out, he grew weary of her, and, as it is suppos'd, thought to have kill'd her with Kindness: but as it always happens in those Cases, he did his own Business instead of hers, he fell into a Consumption — and dy'd about a Month ago.

Jon. No, Goody *Busy*, that will never do for me; a wanton young Widow for a Wife, and a skittish Horse for a long Journey, are two the most troublesome things a Man can meet withal.

G. Busy. Perhaps you would rather have a Maid. Truly they are ticklish things, and I don't much care to meddle or make with 'em. But I do know of a Farmer's Daughter, that will fit you to a Hair. Her Father is a sufficient Man, and will stock a Farm for you. 'Tis true, indeed, she has had one Child; for I am a Woman of Integrity, and would not deceive any Body in these matters for the World. They did not marry her soon enough. But she'll make an excellent stirring Wife, I'll warrant her.

Jon. A Maid that has had a Child, is worse than a Widow that's past it. I don't like any Body that you have propos'd half so well as yourself.

G. Busy. Now out upon you, for an idle Pack. Why thou naughty, wanton, young Knave, what wouldst thou do with me? Heaven help me, I am old, and fit for nothing.

Jon. Let me ask you a few Questions, and you'll find you are fit for every thing.

G. Busy. Well, come on then.

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AIR LI. Canst thou not weave Bonelace.



- Jon. *Thou canst do Housewife's Work!*
 G. Busy. *Yea, by'r Lady, that I can.*
 Jon. *Whip and stitch with a Jerk?*
 G. Busy. *Yea, as well as any one.*
 Jon. *Canst thou not bake and brew?*
 G. Busy. *Yea, by'r Lady, that I can.*
 Jon. *And do the other thing too?*
 G. Busy. *Out, you're naughty: get you gone.*
 Jon. *Thou canst break Jests, and sing?*
 G. Busy. *Yea, by'r Lady, that I can.*
 Jon. *Caper and Dance with a Spring?*
 G. Busy. *Yea, as well as any one.*

SCENE VI. Welford, Silvia, Jonathan, Goody Busy, Goody Costive, &c.

G. Busy. Come Neighbours, our Friends at Farmer *Welford's* expect us. — There is something of Consequence to be done; he would'n't send for us for nothing. — A Wedding, I hope; old Folks drop off apace, but if the young Ones would Marry, and be industrious, the World might still be increasing.

By honest Love alone the World's upheld,
 Death can't destroy so fast, as Love can build.

SCENE VII. Welford, Silvia, and Jonathan.

Sil. I have obtained my Father's Leave to receive the Letter you have brought. Whether the Contents may require or deserve an Answer, I shall take Time to consider. I have no more to say.

SCENE VIII. Welford, and Jonathan.

[Silvia gives the Letter to Welford, who reads it.]

Wel. See, my *Silvia*, the Picture of a Mind struggling between a Sense of Virtue, and the Love of Vice. Yet he entreats to see thee in such Terms, as might move weak Minds to pity him.

[Gives her the Letter.
 Sil.

Sil. If Pity be a Weakness, I am, sure, the weakest of my Sex; but yet I fear to see him.

Wel. His base Attempt on thee, his avow'd Aversion to Marriage, and the Ruin of the Daughter of that honest Stranger whom we entertain'd, all shew the Justice of thy Fear.

Sil. That Men should know Vice to be an Evil, by the Pain it gives, and yet cherish the Monster that destroys their Peace!

Wel. I have sworn never to expose thee to be again insulted by that licentious Man. Yet I cannot but wish he had not render'd himself utterly unworthy of thee. But I have given him up. You shall have ample Satisfaction for all the Wrongs you have suffer'd.

Sil. If you can entertain a Thought of Vengeance, how are you chang'd, my Father!

Wel. Hereafter thou wilt know me better.

Sil. Whither have you sent the Stranger and his Wife? whither are you going with the People that you sent for? O Sir, forgive my Fears. Urg'd by your Love for me, you rush on to certain Ruin.

Wel. Whatever becomes of me, you are the Care of Heaven.

[Exit.

Sil. I never knew him transported thus before. He's going to Sir John, and will certainly provoke him to his Undoing. Instruct me, Heaven, what I shall do to save him.

A I R LII. When *Flora* she had deck'd.



O gracious Heaven, lend a friendly Ray,
To guide my Steps, in Darkness lost;
From Virtue's Precepts never let me stray,
But guide me safely thro' this dreary Coast.

My

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*My Love betray'd,
My Duty paid,
A spotless Maid,
Let me resign
My useless Breath, into the hands of Death;
For while I live there is no Grief like mine.*

SCENE IX. *A Room in Sir John's House. Sir John reading at a Table.*

'Tis hard a rooted Love to dispossess;
'Tis hard, but you may do it ne'ertheless.
In this your Safety does consist alone:
If possible, or not, it must be done.

A Poem on a Dwarf! what strange stuff is here! Hey ho!

SCENE X. *Sir John, and Betty.*

Betty. There he sits, poring o'er a Book, which he no more minds, than he does me. — Sir, did you call?

[Sir John throws the Book away.]

Sir John. Who's there; *Betty?* Come hither. Why you look very amiable to-day, *Betty.*

Betty. O Laud, Sir, you make me blush.

Sir John. *Betty,* fill me some Wine. The large Glass, and fill it up.

Betty. Yes, Sir.

Sir John. My Love to you, *Betty.*

Betty. Thank you, Sir.

Sir John. Fill your self, and pledge me.

Betty. He's coming about again, I see. — Your Health, Sir. — If he would but drink a few more Bumpers; for when he had drank most he always took most notice of me. *[Aside.]*

Sir John. Leave me; and send the Lady that came home with me last Night.

Betty. Sir, cou'd n't I--I--I —

Sir John. What is it you would say!

Betty. Why, Sir, that, that, — I don't know where to find her.

Sir John. Must I be plagu'd with your Impertinence too! go, send her to me, or leave the House your self.

Betty. O Fathers! I can't bear it! I would I could send the Devil to fetch you both. *[Aside.]*

SCENE

SCENE XI. *Sir John.*A I R LIII. *In Kent, so fam'd of old.*

*In vain, in vain I rove,
Wine, Wit, and Women prove,
My Anguish to remove,
I'm still a Lover.*

*And if, to ease my Pains,
I put on Marriage Chains,
Love, that Constraint disdains,
Will soon be over.*

SCENE XII. *Sir John, and Jonathan.*

Jon. Sir, I delivered your Letter to Mrs. *Silvia*.
Sir John. 'Tis well.

SCENE XIII. *Sir John, Jonathan, and Betty.*

Sir John. You need give your self no farther Trouble to look for the Lady. I'll go and find her my self.

SCENE XIV. *Jonathan, and Betty.*

Betty. How, *Jonathan* here! This Fool loves me however. I'll divert my self, by teasing him. — So Sir.

Jon. So Madam.

Betty. Captain, methinks you look very scurvily after your last Defeat.

Jon. Now I think you look like a Dealer in Second-hand Goods, who having outstood your Market, repents, and wou'd fain be turning the Penny at any rate.

Betty.

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Betty. Ha, ha, how vex'd he is! but it would fret any Man, who going with flying Colours to take Possession of a Fort, should find the Gates shut against him.

Jon. Now you want to be attack'd, only for an Excuse to surrender. But you may keep your tottering Tenement 'till it tumbles about your Ears, for *Jonathan*.

Betty. Poor Fellow! I see he's horrible uneasy. But what Woman can deny herself the Pleasure of tyrannizing, when she has it in her Power? To be sure, *Jonathan*, you can never forget your last Disappointment.

A I R LIV. There was a Knight was drunk with Wine.



*He seiz'd the Lass, trembling all o'er,
On storming bent, no Doubt, Sir;
But she slipt herself within the Door,
And the Fool was shut without, Sir.*

Jon. But soon repents she e'er said Nay,
And finds herself the Fool, Sir.

*For she that won'd not when she may,
She shall not when she won'd, Sir.*

[Going.

Betty. But *Jonathan*, *Jonathan*.

Jon. But she that won'd not when she may,
She shall not when she won'd, Sir.

Betty. Sure you be'nt in Earnest.

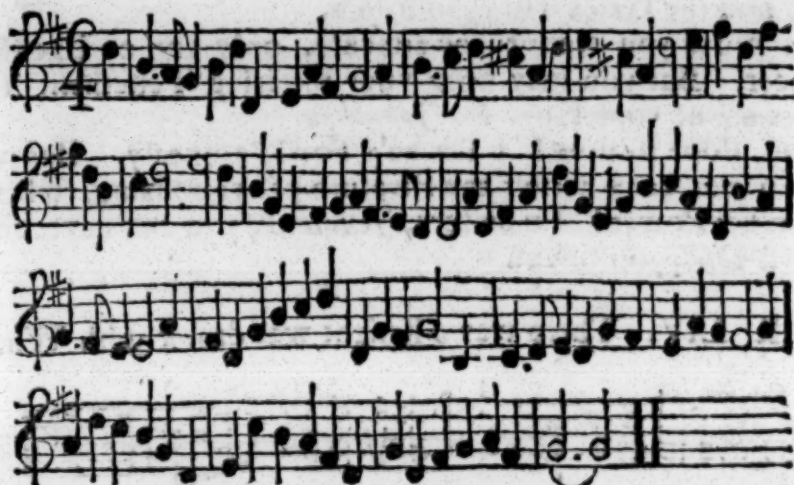
Jon. But she that won'd not when she may,
She shall not when she won'd, Sir.

SCENE XV. Betty.

Betty. O the impudent, pert, conceited Puppy! to leave me before he has had me! why he's worse than *Sir John*. I am like to have a fine time on't truly, between 'em both!

AIR

AIR LV. The Sun was just setting.



*How kind was I us'd, e'er this Lettice came here!
 But to be refus'd, sure no Woman can bear.
 By the Master forsaken, I'm scorn'd by the Man;
 How was I mistaken in trusting Sir John?
 For he kiss'd me, I grumbl'd,
 He press'd me, I stumbl'd,
 He push'd me, I tumbl'd,
 But still he push'd on.*

*But since that Slut's coming I'm left and undone.
 But since, &c.*

*But if I don't plague him for serving me so,
 May I be worse tumbl'd, worse push'd, and worse jumbld,
 Where-ever, where-ever I go.*

SCENE XVI. *Another Room in Sir John's House.*

Sir John, Timothy, Ploughshare, and Dorothy.

Sir John. Perhaps it mayn't be agreeable to the Lady, to be expos'd to gratify your Curiosity.

Tim. Sir, the Happiness of our Lives depends on finding our Child. And, as we are inform'd, she is here.

SCENE XVII. *Sir John, Timothy, Ploughshare, Dorothy, and Lettice Singing.*

Let. My Father, Mother, and Ploughshare here! What will become of me!

Sir John. Stay, Child; whither are you going?

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Let. O dear, dear Sir; —

Tim. Ay, here she is; and no doubt but all the rest we have been told is as true.

Plough. Ah *Lettice*, *Lettice*, what have you been doing? You've spun a fine Thread truly. We shall have the whole Parish ring of you shortly.

Tim. O Child, you'll break my Heart.

Dor. Will she? but I'll break her Neck first.

Let. O dear Sir *John*, save me, save me, or I shall be torn to Pieces.

Plough. How fine the Slut is! and how familiar with the Justice!

Dor. Ay, ay, 'tis certainly so. Oh you impudent Carrion, I'll be the Death of you.

Tim. To find my Girl ruin'd, is worse than never to have found her at all.

A I R LVI. Hear me weep and wail.



Welcome endless Grief,
Farewell my Goose and Sheers forever, ever.
Can I find Relief? No never, never.
For Grief, from Shame arising,
New Pains is still devising:
All Arts must fail,
Distraction prevail,
My Brain 'tis now surprizing — prizing.

Sir John. Friends, have Patience. What's past can't be recall'd, but I'm ready to make you any Satisfaction that's in my Power.

Dor. Look ye, Sir, you have utterly ruin'd the Wench. The Blame and Shame must now fall all upon her own Head; whereas, had she been married, you know 'twou'd have fall'n upon her Husband's.

Plou. But who do you think will have her now?

F

A I R

AIR LVII. Send home my long-stray'd Eyes.



*Con'd you return her true and chaste,
 I'd meet her with a Bridegroom's Haste;
 But since, from you, she's learn'd such Ill,
 To hate her Spouse,
 Or arm his Brows,
 Keep her, for me, Sir, keep her still.*

Let. O dear! what must I do? My Father will break his Heart; my Mother will beat my Brains out; and that Monster, *Ned Ploughshare*, will make me the May-game of the whole Parish.

Plou. Don't call me Monster: I'm none of your Husband: So keep your Tongue to your Self.

Let. I won't; 'tis all along of you that this has happen'd. You always knew that I hated you, and yet you would have had me, whether I would or no.

Dor. Yes, Hussy, he would have made an honest Woman of you; but you must be a Gentlewoman, must you?

AIR

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AIR LVIII. A Nymph of the Plain.



*So true, and so kind,
To whate'er you inclin'd,
To whate'er you inclin'd,
He had never deny'd;
But with Joy had comply'd,
To have made you his Wife,
And obey'd all his Life;
In a manner so soft, so engaging, and sweet,
As well might perswade you his Passion to meet.*

Tim. Wife, I never approv'd of your forcing the Girl's Inclinations, and now you see what it's come to.

Sir John. Friend, you seem an honest inoffensive Man, which aggravates my Remorse for having wrong'd you.

F 2

AIR

AIR LIX. Young *Philoret* and *Celia* met.

Let. *Regard my Tears, dispel my Fears,
I'll ne'er offend you more.*

Tim. *The simple Groom, the Steed being gone,
So shuts the Stable Door.*

Let. *Pity my Pain.* Tim. *My Pity's vain.*

Let. *My Folly I deplore.*

Tim. *Fame that's lost, and Time that's past,
What Power can restore?*

Ambo. *Fame that's lost, and Time that's past,
What Power can restore?*

Sir John. What good-natur'd Man, that was but a Spectator in this Scene, but must be mov'd? I thought, 'till now, the general Love of Women consistent with Generosity, Honour, and Humanity. — False and destructive Principle! By this single Act of mine, how many innocent Persons have I injur'd? The Woman, too — the Easiness with which she gave up her Honour, makes her, tho' pitied, yet despis'd, even by me, the Author of her Ruin.

SCENE XVIII. *To them, Jonathan; whispers*
Sir John.

Sir John. Ha! *Silvia*, said you? Sure you mistake!

Jon. No, Sir; she's in the next Room, and desires to see you.

Sir John. Fly then, and conduct her in. — Good People, an Affair of Consequence obliges me to beg you would leave

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leave me for the present. If you please to wait in the next Room, when that's dispatch'd, I'll send for you again.

SCENE XIX. *Sir John and Silvia.*

Sir John. She's here, whom most I wish to see; and yet, such is the Power of Guilt, I dare not look upon her. Could I have thought her Sight wou'd ever give me Pain? ——— But, like a Wretch remov'd at once from impenetrable Darkness, into the mid-day Blaze, I sicken at the cheerful Light, and fain would shun a Brightness, that glads all Eyes but mine.

Sil. O Sir! pardon and pity an unhappy Maid: Had Heaven requir'd me to have dy'd, to have shewn my Duty to the best of Parents, the Pain had been far less; but filial Piety commands me to live, and interpose between your Power, and the Weakness of my good, but incens'd Father.

AIR LX. *I'm Ormond the Brave.*



Your heaviest Resentment, ah! let me, let me bear.

In Pity to his Age, my reverend Father spare:

Toil, Want, and all you can inflict, I will not shun;

But when I think that he may be, for wretched me, undone,

Oh, oh!

SCENE XX. *Sir John, Silvia, and Welford.*

Welf. O *Silvia!* Never, 'till now, had I Cause to blush for any Act of thine. ——— Rise, nor offer that Incense to an Idol, which Heaven alone is worthy of, and which, were he not lost to Shame, as well as Honour, he must blush to receive.

Sil. Condemn me not: Can any Submission be too low to save from Ruin such a Parent? Still let me kneel.

Wel. Heaven, and all that's just on Earth, forbid it.

Sir John. Confounded and amaz'd, I had not Power to raise her from the Earth. ——— O *Silvia!* ——— *Welford!* ——— could

you see my Heart! how deep my Contrition! how sincere my Sorrow! you would no longer fear, [*To Silvia.*] nor you be angry, [*To Welford.*] Vice, in all its genuine Deformities, I've just beheld. Virtue, in all its Charms, I see in you — Receive a returning Prodigal to your Arms; forgive, and make me happy. — Let the Priest, by honourable, holy Marriage, give me a just Possession of thy Charms, and join me to Virtue, and to thee, for ever.

Sil. I came to beg your Favour for my Father, not a Husband for my self. You once thought me mean enough to barter my Innocence and Virtue, for your Wealth; should I now consent to marry you, might it not be justly suspected that my former Resentment was not from the Love of Virtue, and Contempt of Riches, but Artifice, to make the better Terms? Virtue is Heaven's best Gift: Nor have they more than the Appearance of it, who submit to the least Imputation on their Fame, for Wealth, or Power, or Love, more tempting to a generous Mind. Think it not Pride in me, to refuse an Obligation to the Man who would have robb'd me, of all that distinguish'd me from the vilest of my Sex.

Sir John. To have my Love and Admiration increas'd, by what gives me Despair, is a Punishment (tho' just) that's insupportable.

A I R LXI. Minuet.



*With Pity, gracious Heav'n possess'd,
Taught Mortals how 'twould be address'd:
Celestial Fair,
O sooth my Care!
And, as my Heaven on Earth I view thee;
Lovely Creature,
Pride of Nature,
Teach me (like Heaven) how to woo thee.*

Sil. I pardon, pity, and I love thee — — —

Sir John.

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Sir John. O charming Sounds! — So Heaven cheers a despairing Sinner, with the sweet Voice of Mercy.

Sil. But Heaven, when it pardons, appears above Reward, by conferring Obligations. That is not in my Power. — To refuse them is, and in that I am determined. — Farewel, for ever. — 'Tis hard — but Virtue, Prudence, and my Fame require it. Therefore, farewel for ever. — If your Return to Virtue be sincere, you have a Mistress who will ne'er forsake you; but, ever blooming, crown your Days and Nights with Joy, — when I am Dust.

Sir John. [*Falling on Welford's Neck.*] O *Welford*, *Welford*! must I lose her? You lov'd me once. Is there no Remains of Pity left? Can you behold me sinking, and yet refuse a friendly Hand to save me?

Wel. [*Embracing him.*] Heaven forbids me not to pity, love, and in the Anguish of my Soul, weep o'er thee, my now dearer than ever, tho' too unhappy Son.

Sir John. Did not you call me Son? O that I were! To be your Son, is all the Happiness my Soul aspires to.

Wel. Too soon you'll find that Name includes the worst of Miseries, certain Despair. — But, to the Business of my coming.

SCENE XXI. *Sir John*, *Silvia*, *Welford*, *Goody Busy*, *Goody Costive*, *Jonathan*, *Betty*, &c.

Wel. *Goody Busy*, and the rest of my Friends who came with me, pray, walk in. Now let all here attend and witness to the Truths I am about to utter; and you, unhappy Youth, prepare to bear the most surprizing Change of Fortune, like a Man. — You are not whom you seem, and whom you think your self, *Sir John Freeman*, Baronet, and rightful Possessor of a fair Estate, but an innocent Impostor, and Usurper of another's Right, and my unhappy Son indeed.

Sil. What can my Father mean!

G. Busy. This is the strangest Story that ever I heard of.

Sir John. *Welford*, to invent a Tale so vile, and so absurd, to make me despair of *Silvia*, as being her Brother, is unworthy of your good Sense and former Probity.

Wel. I will not thank you for your Assent to the Truth of what I affirm. This excellent Lady is not my Daughter, but the much wrong'd *Angelica Freeman*, the sole surviving Child of the late *Sir John Freeman*, and Heiress to his large Estate. — I read Wonder and Surprize in every Face. — You look for Proofs. — *Goody Busy*, you serv'd *Sir John Freeman's* Lady, and my Wife, as Midwife.

G. Busy. That I did to be sure.

Wel. How many Children had each?

G. Busy. Two, a Son and a Daughter, I shall never forget it: they Lay-in both times together, and your Wife nurs'd both Sir *John's* Children.

Wel. All this is true; but was there any thing remarkable upon the Body of Sir *John's* Son when born?

G. Busy. No, but yours was mark'd under the left Breast with a bunch of Grapes, the Fruit, Leaves and Stalks all in their proper Shape and Colour, as if they had been growing on the Vine.

Sir John. [*Opening his Breast.*] Here is the indelible Mark, visible and fair, as when the Seal of Heaven impress'd it first, to distinguish the Impostor from the rightful Heir.

Wel. Too well I know it.

Sil. If this Gentleman be your Son, how could his Birth have been conceal'd so long?

Wel. That — with my own Shame, I am now to discover. — My Wife, while unmarried, attended on the Mother of this Lady, then a Virgin, and so far was she honour'd with her Confidence, that she liv'd with her rather as a Sister or Companion than a Servant; after her Marriage to Sir *John*, and my Wife's to me, the Honour of their Friendship was continu'd; for I was happy in Sir *John's*, as my Wife was in his Lady's. — That we had the same number of Children, and of the same Age and Sex, and that my Wife was entrusted with the Care of theirs, you have heard already. — Soon after the Birth of this Lady, a War breaking out, Sir *John*, who had an honourable Post in the Army, went for *Flanders*: I attended him thither, and (as I had formerly done) serv'd under him as a Volunteer. — In this our Absence, a Fever made dreadful Ravage in this part of the Country. — Of it dy'd Sir *John's* Lady, and quickly after his Son, (who was then at my House) and my Daughter. — My Wife taking the Advantage of the Lady's Death, and our Absence, reported, that the Son who dy'd was ours; and the surviving one (truly ours) was Sir *John's*. — Our Daughter who dy'd was bury'd as his; and his, this Lady, was reputed and educated as our own — The Fraud was never so much as suspected by Sir *John*, nor any other Person, my self excepted — I indeed, by Observations, which none else had opportunity to make, soon found it out, and charg'd my Wife with it; she confess'd it, and to my Shame prevail'd upon me to conceal what I could never approve. — She dy'd before Sir *John*, and never liv'd to see her Son possess'd of the Honour and Wealth, which she by such wicked Means had endeavour'd to procure for him. — Thro' Heav'n's Mercy I hope she rests in Peace. But what have been my Tortures e'er since I consented to conceal the guilty

guilty Secret! — Stung hourly with Remorse, I attempted to do her Justice and conceal my Shame, by effecting a Marriage between her and my Son; but Heaven, that refus'd the imperfect Satisfaction, and condemn'd the Fraud, has, you see, made vain the fond Attempt, nor would suffer her to receive that as another's Gift, which is her own proper Right.

Sir John. And long may she enjoy it. — I have not so ill profited by her bright Example, as to repine at a Change of Fortune, so just, and so much to the Advantage of this wondrous Pattern of all that's excellent in Womankind.

Sil. Your Justice, and the Moderation of your Son, affects me more than these unthought of, undesired Riches: can I ever forget your more than paternal Kindness and Affection?

Wel. Spare me the Confusion, that your Goodness gives me; look not so tenderly, nor speak so kindly, but treat me as your Injuries and my Crimes deserve.

Sil. The Crime was another's. — Your former Tenderness and present Justice, tho' to the Disadvantage of your Son, is all your own. — If you forsake me now, I am indeed an Orphan — Riches have Snares, and Youth without a Guide is expos'd to many Dangers — Be still my Father.

Wel. Thy own worthy Father, were he living, could never love thee more. — But to be thy Father is impossible.

Sil. This is your Son. — Let me be his, and you are still my Father.

Sir John. Do I indeed behold her heavenly Face, all clad in Smiles, and kindly bent on me? Do I indeed hear her harmonious Voice pronounce me happy? — Or does my flatt'ring Fancy, to sooth Despair, form Images that have no real Existence?

Wel. Bless her, bless her, Heaven! and as you have made her the best, make her the happiest of her Sex. — Never did I taste Joys sincere till now.

Sil. This surprizing Discovery unmade, — had I consented to have been yours, — the Disinterestedness of my Love and Virtue could never have been known. — Heaven has made our Duty and our Interest one. I may now without Reproach give my Hand, where before I had given my Heart.

[Betty Weeps.]

Jon. What, in Tears, Betty!

Betty. What have I lost for want of reflecting sooner? I'd rather have that Lady's Virtue, than her Beauty and Estate.

Jon. Poor Girl! — Why this is to have it. — I remember on a certain Occasion I made you a Promise of Marriage, if you think it worth claiming, give me your Hand.

Betty. There it is; if you can forget what's past, you shall have no Reason to complain of my Conduct for the future.

AIR

[AIR LXII. Ah how sweet's the cooling Breeze.



Sir John.

*Oh how sweet,
All over Charms,
To bless my Arms,*

Thy generous Virtue all Vice defeating.

Sil.

*All compleat and pure's my Joy,
Without Alloy;*

With Transport unusual my Bosom is beating.

Sir John.

Dearest Treasure !

Sil.

O Joy beyond measure !

Sir John.

*This truly is Pleasure.
Te Follies adieu.*

Both.

O Dearest !

*All compleat and pure's my Joy,
Without Alloy ;*

With Transport unusual my Bosom is beating.

Sil.

*Love gently firing,
And softly inspiring,*

Sir John.

Panting, desiring, I'll Virtue pursue.

Both.

Oh Dearest !

*All compleat and pure's my Joy,
Without Alloy ;*

White Hours approach, and the black are retreating.

G. Busy.

G. Busy. Ay, this is as it should be — I could even cry for Joy, to see that there is so much honest Love left in the World.

Sir John. Reclaim'd by your Virtue, and restored to Fortune by your Generosity, I hope you'll take it as a Proof of my Sincerity, that I confess my self concern'd for the Distress brought upon an honest Man and his Family by my Folly.

Sil. Your Concern is just and generous, like the Man I hope ever to find you — but have I given my self to you, and not my Fortune? All is yours; dispose of it as you please.

Sir John. *Jonathan*, send *Lettice* and her Friends hither. — O Madam, the longest Life wou'd be too short to pay my Obligation.

SCENE XXII. *Sir John*, *Silvia*, *Welford*, *Goody Busy*, *Goody Costive*, &c. *Timothy*, *Lettice*, *Dorothy*, &c.

Sir John. Unhappy Girl, I wish it was in my Power to make you ample Satisfaction for the Injury I've done you; but since that is impossible, I will settle something on your Father, in Trust for you, that, managed with Prudence, may secure you from the Fears of Poverty, the Rock on which you split before. — You, Sir, I hope will continue with us. — The Farm lately Tenanted by my Father, with your Consent, Madam, I bestow on this honest Man, for the Purposes before-mentioned.

Sil. And may it answer your Intentions, which if it does, we may hereafter give 'em farther Proofs of our regard for their Welfare.

Tim. Dor. Let. Heaven bless you both.

Sir John. *Lettice*, as I shall never see you more, take this Advice with you. — Keep this Lady's Example in view, and you may yet excell in Virtue many of your Sex, who having never err'd in the manner you have done, look on your Fault as unpardonable. — Nor shall you, *Betty*, or *Jonathan*, be forgot.

Jon. Sir, if you approve of it, *Betty* and I have resolv'd to take one another for better for worse.

Sir John. That I do approve it, you shall find by the handsome Provision I'll make for you.

Wel. Son, not foreseeing this happy Event, I sent for the Tenants to attend, that upon making the Discovery they might be ready to pay their Duties to this Lady, upon her taking Possession of her Estate.

Sir John. Madam, what think you of inviting 'em in, to partake of the general Joy?

Sil. By all means.

A DANCE.

AIR LXIII. *Dutch Skipper.*

Gaff. Gabb. *Such Virtue possessing,
Includes ev'ry Blessing,
Ev'ry Blessing,
Our mortal State can know.*

Wel. *Such bright Examples firing,
Each gen'rous Soul inspiring,
Inspiring,
We scorn the World below.*

Plough. *With Pleasure while we gaze,
Transform'd, our Souls we raise,
For Virtue beheld the Mind renews.*

Tim. *So the Sun, for ever bright,
Communicates his Light,
And adorns every Object that he views.*

C H O.

CHORUS.

*Since Truth to the Mind her own Likeness reflects,
Makes known our Defects, makes known our Defects;
Since Truth to the Mind her own Likeness reflects,
Let none the just Mirror despise.
What Virtue so bright but Reflection improves,
Or Folly so stubborn, but what it removes?
Reflect, be happy, and wise.*

F I N I S.



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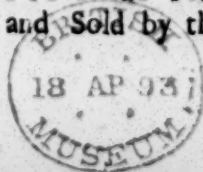
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